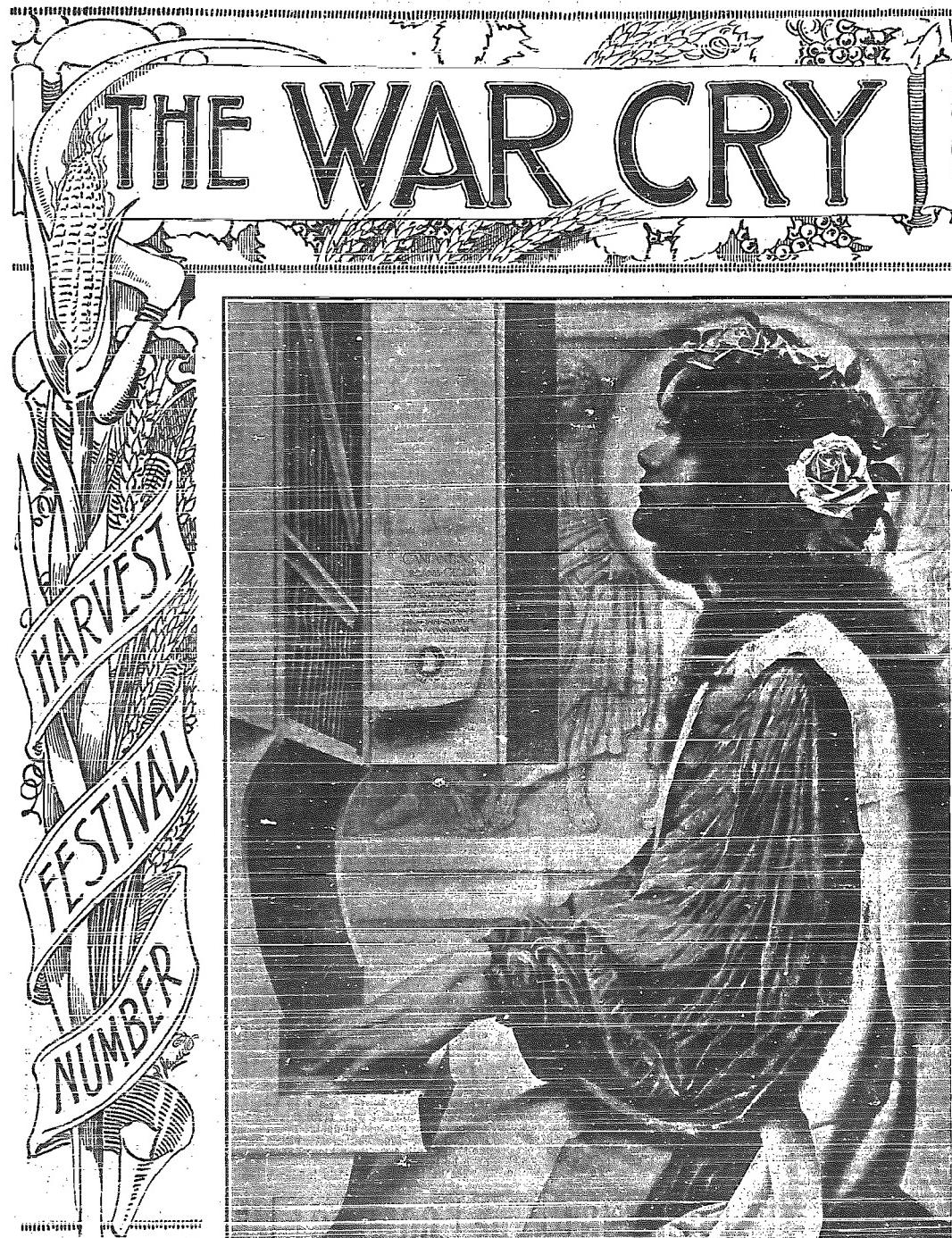


# THE WAR CRY



TORONTO  
SEP. 20. 1902.

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"THE SONG OF THE CITY."

See article by the Commissioner  
page 9

HENRY RICLAND

# Harry's Harvest.

By W. C. E.

## CHAPTER I.

**G**O! I don't want to see you enter this door again. If you dare to come back I will have you put in jail."

It was Mr. Gibson, who, flushed with indignation, uttered these angry words, as he grasped the table with one hand to steady his shaking frame; while he pointed with the other to the door.

Harry, so brave a minute before, stood as one stupefied. He had not expected that his old father would go to such a length. He could scarcely believe that he had been ordered to leave the old home.

"Go!" cried the indignant old man. "Your presence defiles this house. Go. Before I fling you out by the neck, like an unclean beast!"

Harry had never seen his father in such a passion. The threat, however, hardened him, and, stiffening up he cast a look of defiance upon the grey-haired man, and walked out into the night.

Mrs. Gibson was weeping bitterly. "What have you done, father? You have sent Harry to his ruin, and now nothing will save him."

"Don't say any more mother," painfully replied Gibson. "It hurts me fearfully, but Harry can no longer stay here."

## CHAPTER II.

**H**ARRY was neither genius nor fool, he had been an average boy, with fair power of learning, but had not had much inclination towards the school. He delighted in games, was fond of mischief, and rather good-natured than evilly inclined.

His parents and sisters had rather indulged him, being the only boy in the family; this made him self-willed. He would have his way, and he had his way, and became a handful to manage.

On leaving school he became an apprentice to a blacksmith. Harry had learned to smoke before he left school, but unfortunately, he had now also learned to drink and swear, for his new master indulged in both, although he was scarcely ever seen intoxicated in public. Harry had not the strength to stop when he had too much nor could he conceal the effects of drink so well, hence he became quickly enslaved, and was frequently completely drunk.

One afternoon, while his master had set out for a neighboring village, from which he was not expected to return till late at night, Harry especially wanted drink, but had no money to buy it with. It happened that a stranger came in to get his horse shod, and the payment received for the work tempted Harry strongly to spend it for drink. He resisted the temptation for nearly an hour, but the strong appetite for drink conquered him, and he went to the saloon, where he met some bad companions, and in their company freely indulged in liquor. As a result, he came back drunk, after his master had returned much earlier and had found the shop forsaken and open, with the fire extinct. Besides this, the stranger who had his horse shod had returned for a whip he had left at the shop, and so the master had found out that Harry had taken the money. Harry, on being asked whether any business had been done, said, "No, nothing" was caught in his lie and a thief. The blacksmith brutally whipped the drunken young man, leaving fearful marks all over his body.

That night Harry resolved to revenge himself, and he did it at once, while still under the influence of drink, by cutting the sinews of the hind legs of his master's horse, which had been his pride and pleasure. Then he slipped into his parents' home, where he hid himself. The blacksmith had found out the fearful deed when going into the stable that same evening, and a furious rage had run to Harry's parents to inform them of Harry's infamous conduct.

Harry had had several quarrels with his father before about the loose bab-

it he was forming, hence when this affair, in the worst possible manner, was reported, the latter, who had hitherto believed, while his boy might become a drunkard, or swearer, or gambler, would never stoop to such a dastardly thing as theft, and the cruel injury of a valuable and innocent horse, was so humiliated and bitterly disappointed that he told Harry to leave the house. Harry left, and never more returned.

Two years after that, the broken-hearted father died, and his faithful wife survived him only for a few weeks, but Harry knew not at the time that the two hearts who had loved him best, and would gladly have taken him back after that fatal night, had been taken away from this world.

## CHAPTER III.

**W**HEN Harry left his home he felt a fearful tumult of emotions. He was especially indescribably humbled by the thought that his father actually believed him to be mean enough to do such a deed in cold blood. He was sincerely ashamed of what he had done, but he tried to excuse himself by saying that he had been provoked by being humiliated and whipped by his master and cursed in a manner none would accept. Then, again, he knew that he was scarcely sobered sufficiently to be altogether accountable for his actions. He seemed to have followed some strange impulse: there his doubts began again! Was it in imitation of his own master or was it as the minister used to say, the devil? He had laughed at religion, in his heart at home—for he respected the noble faith of his parents—but openly, when amongst his bad companions, to which he had become a fanatic.

It was scarcely an evidence of the stirrings of the Spirit that led his thoughts into this channel, but Harry soon put everything from his mind when he remembered that he had been drugged. That night and the following day Harry walked to M——, a considerable distance from his home. He was fortunate to obtain work on a sailing vessel and shipped within two days for South America.

Seven years as a sailor, spent on the sea or in the various seaports of the globe, did not improve Harry. He took to gambling, and became a drunkard, a swindler, and a rascal, and a port. He spent it in, he would never rest until every cent had been spent. He was on his way to a drunkard's grave, and rapidly advanced at that.

## CHAPTER IV.

**W**HILE Harry became enraged in a brawl with some Swedish sailors, which resulted in an ugly fight, Harry was drunk, but not so much but what he could draw his knife and stab one of his opponents, who fell with a groan to the floor. The flow of warm blood acted like a fearful shock on Harry. He looked at the blood-stained knife and at his victim still paralysed. To the policeman who arrested him, he made no resistance. For three weeks the life of the wounded man was in the balance, but he finally recovered.

Harry was sentenced to five years imprisonment, and for five long years he wore the prisoner's garb. While

in jail he remembered the Sunday School text: "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."

## CHAPTER V.

**R**ELEASE from jail brought freedom at last. Harry, however, was a broken man, although yet young in years. He had sought work and found it. Shortly afterwards he left, with his first cash in his pocket and the liberty to spend it, the old craving for drink returning with tremendous force. He had resolved to stop drinking when in jail, and thought he was delivered from its power. Now he found himself again under its spell. First he thought he would try just one glass. He had it, but the next glass seemed to awaken a stirring emotion in his veins. It did not stop, and more and more must have. Harry was getting too much of it already, when a young man who worked in the same shop induced him to leave the saloon under the pretext to go to another one.

On the next street corner they met the Salvation Army. It was the first time Harry had seen them in the open-air ring, although he had often heard of them. He stopped and listened out of curiosity to the singing of a young girl, who sang some new words to the tune of a song well known to Harry. He was simply fascinated. He listened to everything, and everything seemed to be especially said and sung for him. The Spirit strove again with him, but this time he yielded. With sobs of contrition he knelt at the drum, and found there the forgiveness of sins through a Saviour's mercy. He began to sing to the Spirit.

## CHAPTER VI.

**S**IXTEEN years after this, in a western town, an unusual sight was seen. The little Salvation Army barracks was crowded to its doors, and along the main street many people stood in expectancy of the procession soon to come.

In front of the platform, inside the barracks, rested a coffin, and on it laid a soldier's cap and a well-worn Bible. "We mourn not as those who have no hope," said the Captain, "but we know that our beloved brother has only laid down the sword to take up the crown in heaven, where we all hope to meet him some day. Once he was a drunkard—he used to say so. In his last testimony on his dying bed, he told me if he had lived till to-day it would have been his spiritual birthday. Sixteen years ago he found salvation in the open-air ring of the Army, and for sixteen years he has been a faithful Christian and a true soldier of the Army. His example has been a shining light in this community. His cheerful talk has encouraged and helped many who were in trouble. He was always ready to help in any way he could with his voice, his money, his strength, his faith, and his prayers, and we have sustained a great loss indeed."

From the voice called the Captain, he bowed his head, a half-fainted sob escaped him, and tears flowed from every eye. Harry had been beloved and believed in, and everyone missed him.

"But," continued the Captain with tremulous voice, "we know, he was prepared to die. He asked me to read the twenty-third Psalm, and then he repeated: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil—for Thou art with me!' and with a smile on his countenance he fell back dead."

"Yet he is not dead. His influence

lives with us, his holy example abides here, and we shall again on one day, when sin and wrong will trouble us no more."

Harry had now also resolved that "He who soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap everlasting life."



## III.—THE GERMANS.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

Leopold I. A.D. 1657.

The eldest son of Ferdinand died before his father, and so Leopold, was not eight years old when he had yet been chosen King of the Romans. This gave Louis XIV of France an opportunity of trying to get himself elected to the throne, and he gained over the three Electoral Archbishops and the Duke of Palatine, who had become a Mass Catholic; but Friedrich Wilhelm of Brandenburg, who is called the Great Elector, kept the others firm. France, and Leopold was chosen, and he had been educated for the priesthood, and was very devout and good, most upright and careful, but far from clever or strong, and did not do great things, though he did little things very well. He was a good player on the violin, and a music master, exclaiming: "Pity your majesty is not a fiddler."

He was unfortunate, for Louis XIV was on the watch to gain all he could from Germany in its worn-out state, and was his enemy all his life, fighting with the Rhine land, against him, so that the war began again.

The Great Elector now Louis's plans, and did his best to stop the Germans, and the Swedes invaded his part of Pomerania, and he had to fight with them, when he not only drove them back but seized most of what they had been granted at the peace of Wester ster.

The Austrians were defeated on the Rhine, and a peace was made at Nuremberg in 1678 for all Europe, when Brandenburg was forced to give up what he had gained in Pomerania. In spite of the peace, Louis VIII had the great free city of Brandenburg belonged to Elsass, and in 1680, while most of the burghers were at the great fair of Frankfurt, seized the place and kept it, forcing the chief inhabitants to submit, and changing it as much as possible to be a French Roman Catholic instead of a German Protestant city.

The Germans were furious, and would have made a league to revenge it, but that the Elector of Brandenburg was so angry at having been deprived of his lands in Pomerania that he would not join the League, nor care anything. Moreover, he stirred up the Hungarians against him, and indeed, Leopold had to dreadfully harsh to the Protestants there, and had sent two hundred and fifty of their pastors to row as slaves at Naples, where the great Dutch Admiral De Ruyter obtained their freedom. The Hungarians revolted, and after a few years called in their old Mahomed IV, the Sultan, who sent his Grand Vizier, Kara Mustafa, at the head of an army to invade Austria itself. Leopold and his family were obliged to flee the city, and left Vienna to be received by the governor, Count Starhemberg, and his bishop, Konrad von Auerswald, who had been a Knight of St. John, with a small, brave garrison. Outside the Austrian army under the Duke of Lorraine collected, and in it the young Prince Eugene, a cousin of the Duke of Savoy. He had been bred up in the French court, but he had grown weary of its stiffness and ran away with some other young men to fight against the Turks. Their letters were captured and opened, and were found to make game of the King. Hence he forgave what was said of him, and Eugene continued to serve the emperor.

**COMING!** THE COMING!  
**GENERAL.**  
WHEN? WHERE? SEE DATES ON PAGE 15.

# Our Missionary Fields—Java.

SOCIAL WORK AT SAPOERAN.

BY MRS. ENSIGN THOMSON.

The native population here is very poor, and often the people are so infected with diseases of one kind or another that appeal comes to us for aid are very numerous. Several millions have recently been made to our little colony, and a home for widows has been opened. These we supply with food and shelter, while they put in light labor, such as mat making, etc. We have also some children under our control. The work is being recognized by the Government officials, and we are expecting support from them.

Just after starting our Social Work I visited the Assistant Resident's wife in Wonosobo. She received me very kindly, though in talking she had was at a disadvantage. She asked me to speak in English and she would reply in Dutch. I do not hear much Dutch now, and felt she did not know much English, so decided to write to her, as many people here read and can understand English fairly well who do not speak it. The result was a reply to the effect that the Assistant, in company with the native Regent, would visit and inspect our work shortly, coming from "one-hundred-ten miles."

They came accompanied by our own "Comptroller" and properly stopped our little settlement. The Assistant asked permission to use minay, as then the Javanese officials could understand as well. He made many inquiries before beginning the inspection, and showed very great interest. He spoke of the children especially (all at one time beggars), and said how happy and contented they looked, and how fat (only he said "broad")!

He then inspected the women's quarters, and freely commented upon the cleanliness of the Shelter and of the laundry. Finding her much better and clearer than the ordinary Javanese. Before leaving he promised to give us what help he could, and said that the Resident, who is the head European official, would like to see for himself what we were doing.

The day of this eventful visit at length arrived, and with it a company of native policemen, who cleared the road and kept it clear for about an hour before the Resident's arrival. All traffic was suspended, and the

coolies had to pace their la's on the roadside and squat down alongside them. At last there was a crack of whip and a galloping of horses. Here he comes! About twenty horsemen—many colored trousers and official coats—swung into view. These were the smaller officials, and they each carried a small fan so that it was quite a picturesque sight. The Resident's carriage, which was drawn by six small bays, came along at a terrific rate, and had gone considerably past our quarters before the horses could be pulled up.

We had all the children—sixteen in number—arranged in the native reception room. Some of them had only arrived the day before, and they looked pale, sickly and span in their "new-old" jackets. (I made them jackets out of all kinds of clothes.) The children, who had been here for some time, wore red print jackets, and looked very nice. The Resident spoke English well enough to be understood. With the other high officials—four in number—he inspected the Shelter and saw the mat making. It was remarked how happy and well-fed the children looked, though the Resident himself said little in the way of encouragement, and did not commit himself in any way. Yet I feel sure he was pleased, and that some financial assistance will come from him.

We have now thirty-four women and children to feed, employ, teach, and lead to Christ and to Heaven. Those children who are without father or mother I am especially hopeful of. One of our greatest difficulties is the deception among them, for mothers who are with their children teach them to deceive, and I often wish I could have all the children by themselves.

The work is as yet only two months old and the women come to us as such that it is not time before they can be expected to do much in the way of work. We do a good deal in the way of helping the sick, and have some come to us with their legs and feet in an awful condition, sometimes having been had for two years, and in many instances with the bones quite exposed.

We feel this work is of God, and will have good success as time goes on. Will our comrades pray for us.

that the Lord will give us wisdom and patience? The children are my own special care, as in them, by God's grace, I see our officers for the future. From amongst them we are certain to see some arise who will lead many of their countrymen in this land to the light and knowledge of Jesus.

## THE LADDER OF OBSTACLES.

How dependent we are on obstacles in our every effort at progress! The aspiring eagle, in its lofty flight heavenward, could never rise above the earth except as every motion of its wing meets with resistance from the surrounding air. And thus it is with the smaller birds of song or of beauty, filling the air with praise and delight. Wings, large or small, have their value according to the resistance which they meet, and by which they make progress.

"Resistance to its plow's light  
Uplifts the bird in airy flight;  
Resistance to the winged soul  
Uplifts it to the lofty goal."  
Bird or man can fly by its own weight  
but it can harm. But if it would not  
lift us to the stars, but go by resistance,  
aspiration, it must do so by resisting  
and overcoming opposition. Are we  
sufficiently grateful for opposition as  
a help to progress in the world? —S.  
S. Times.

## THE KLONDIKE.

An Interesting Letter From Adjutant Kenway Describing His Travels and What He Thinks of Dawson.

Many of our readers will be pleased to hear from the third Klondike contingent. We left Toronto on Saturday, July 13th, Brigadier Gaskin accompanying us to Parkdale station. We were not long on the car before we made friends with other tourists who were going to Vancouver, who were very nice indeed, and did everything to make the trip a pleasant one.

We arrived at Winnipeg about one o'clock on Monday. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips and the officers of the Resistance Home did all they could to make our stay there delightful. After dinner we were able to replenish our lunch basket, and then we went to the Rescue Home for tea. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips and Adj't. and Mrs. McGill were present. A few came to see us off at six o'clock, although we felt we would like to remain over to take in the Council that was to be conducted by Brigadier Southall. Our trip to Vancouver was a very inter-

esting one, especially going through the Rockies. We arrived at Vancouver at five o'clock on Thursday evening, where the officers did all in their power to make us comfortable, and our stay was very pleasant. We held a meeting at night, and then went from the meeting to the "Princess May." Most of the soldiers came down to the boat with us and wished us God-speed and success in the far north. Mrs. Crane, an old soldier of mine when stationed in New Glasgow, N.S., brought down to the boat a splendid singing canary, and we have been cheered by its singing early in the morning.

The Princess May! The kindness of the officers and crew cannot be too highly commended; they were very kind indeed, and ready to put themselves out to make the passage comfortable. We held a short service on Sunday night, which was well attended. In traveling on this boat we had every comfort possible. She compares favorably with all the large liners, and steams at fourteen knots an hour. We are expecting to arrive at Skagway to-morrow morning at four. Then we take train to White Horse, and expect to take boat for Dawson to-morrow night. We are hoping to get in Dawson Thursday night. Every one of the party, which includes Lieut. Allen, Ensign Holloman, Mrs. Kenway and myself, is in the best of spirits and enjoying the trip immensely, although we have a feeling that we shall be glad when we see Dawson and relieve our dear comrades. Will try and let you have a few items of the other part of trip.—G. W. Kenway.

Dear War Cry Readers.—The last word I sent you was from the Princess May at Skagway. Now for the balance of the trip. On landing from the steamer we marched (walked) up to the officers' quarters where Capt. Long was just preparing breakfast for herself, so that we just took the quarters in a nice time, for it didn't take her long to get us all a cup of tea, which was much enjoyed. The Captain was pleased to acc<sup>s</sup> us, as will be imagined. The Captain decided to take in a picnic, as the train was going in the same direction as we, so as to have the pleasure of our company, but unfortunately the train moved off without the cars that had the pleasure-seekers on board, so it was a quick farewell.

What a ride to White Horse! I have done some tall climbing in my day, but that beats all. I looked at the old trail and thanked God from the depths of my heart that we had an easier way of transport than had the pioneer party. We arrived at White Horse about five, and there we were informed our boat did not leave for Dawson until the next evening. We had supper, then strolled around the place and were greatly taken up with it. The little cabins made of canvas quilt took our eyes. The people there were very sociable, many of them greatly in love with the Army, and are looking forward to the day when the Army will be there to grapple with the sin that abounds. We knew well that we were getting near the Klondike, as we found that it took about \$15 to board the four of us for the day.

The trip from White Horse was very interesting (we came up in the S.S. Dawson), and it only took us thirty-six hours. We arrived at our destination on Friday morning. The S.S. forces were there to give a hearty welcome, and were soon informed that the farce and jollity-meeting had been arranged for in the Presbyterian Church. One thing is very noticeable, and that is the friendly feeling that exists between the different denominations. The ministers are splendid fellows, and in sympathy with the Army and its work, and the people of this city are all that can be expected, owing to the transitional character of the populace, but then we have been treated well. Our soldiers are few in number, but all of the right stamp. Already we have had some good meetings and good collections, and two souls for mercy. One is taking his stand well, and is a great help, as he is a good musician.

The officers left the next day after our arrival; although being here two years, yet a tear could be seen in their eyes.

The officers are doing well, and the prospects are bright for the future.



The Harvest of the Yukon—Washing for Gold.

# WHEN THE TIDE TURNED

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN PAGE.

**I**T was low water with the Smithson family—not that they would have acknowledged it for the world.

The cheerful angle at which Phillip wore his cap when seeking for work gave no suggestion of the dry crust which had formed his breakfast, while the much-washed shawl of his wife was so arranged as to hide at least two-thirds of the multi-colored patches which decorated her gown. But their poverty was none the less because of their pride. Smithson's long illness in the winter had lost him his situation, and plunged them into debt, and when a man once gets down in a big city, it is a hard and long, and sometimes impossible struggle for him to find his feet again.

Their Thanksgiving dinner was very meager. The two mutton chops glorified into youth but not beauty by the name of lamb, were sickly reminders of the turkey which had graced the board on former occasions. But it was the first meat which had been seen their table for many weeks, and what was lacking in quantity Mrs. Smithson made up in the excellence of her cooking. Her good spirits were infectious, and the frugality of the meal was forgotten in the bits of fun with which it was served.

"Thank God we are still together, Phillip," she exclaimed, smiling at him with moist eyes across the table. "That's better than a big pocket-book and a cheerless heart."

"Aye," said Phillip, "but I'd like the other, too, if only for your sake, wife."

"Oh, it doesn't make so much difference to me," her innate unselfishness hastened to assure him. "I'm at home all day and don't feel so much the need of—"

A liquid tap at the door broke off the remark, and a gaunt face, surrounded by a tangled crown of hair, peeped round it. On invitation to enter, the tangled one pushed the door wide and stood revealed. It was a child—the sorriest picture of youth and misery.

"Guess I've come wrong," said the apparition, resting first on one bare foot and then on the other, while the sharp little nose gave surreptitious sniffs at the savory atmosphere. "Thought this was Mr. Bei's mother sent me to borrow a candle."

"I can lend you a candle, little one," said Mrs. Smithson, rising to the cupboard. She was detained by her husband, and there was a whispered colloquy between them. It seemed there was yet a third chop put by for Phillip's generally empty dinner basket to-morrow.

"Cook it for her," he whispered.

The most unselfish woman finds it hard to relinquish what is for the benefit of those dear to her, and Mrs. Smithson demurred, but her husband was firm, and soon the little stranger was seated at the table, a huge piece of bread in her hand, and a wide stare of delighted wonder in her hungry eyes.

Mrs. Smithson's cooking of the third chop was a triumph of culinary art, and it was to be regretted that it was devoured so quickly. The small child ate like a wolf, but the Smithsons' appetites were light as they watched—and Phillip's heart was still light as he set forth on his fruitless task that morning, though the dinner pall only contained the usual crust, which had been packed up by Mrs. Smithson that morning with singular stringency.

Collecting was dreary work that day. A dismal rain was falling, and even the stiff Mackintosh of the policeman's coat wore a limp aspect. The stern face under the gloomy helmet brightened with a smile as it lighted on the rain-soaked bonnet of the Captain, for here was not only a man of blue but a soldier of salvation.

"Sorry to see you without an umbrella, Captain; hasn't you got none?"

"Mustn't think of one till H. F. is over, Bob; I want every cent for my target, and you know the old bonnet neither sugar nor salt, and doesn't quite dissolve."

The Captain laughed. Time was when she had been the cherished daughter of a luxurious home, and had not known a want—but sacrifice carries its own sweetness, and the head under the limp bonnet was light as silk.

But Bob's smile was rather grim. He considered the officer of his corps under his official protection, and made a mental note to be transferred to his official note book as soon as the Captain's back was turned. It would read rather strangely, "Capt. Curtis' new umbrella urgent," under the last entry, which happened to be "Drunk and disorderly." But Bob was a methodical soul, and was as orderly in his benevolence as in his business.

But the Captain had not yet passed on, she paused before him fingerling the collecting cap and pencil. "I'm quite exhausted my district, Bob," she said, "and not even filled my card. What about that big red house? Are tenants in yet?"

"Oh, Smithson's," said Bob. "They are well-to-do people, I hear. Made a fortune in a day, so I hear tell. Been down very low once, they say, before he struck this business; ought to be generous."

Two minutes later Capt. Curtis was standing beneath the imposing portico of the big red house. A woman attired in rustling silk, but with a care-worn face, answered the ring. She listened to the Captain's request with doubtful air.

"Perhaps—she would ask—"

But a heavy step was behind her, and a stern voice demanded what "all that row was about."

"Thank-offering!" exclaimed the man, almost throwing the card in the Salvationist's face. "One way this one was made of money by the whale-skin request, 'Offering' one gets As I am, I've enough to look after my business without bothering after religious matters, and their interminable asking for more and more cash!" And with a sneer Phillip Smithson shut the door in the Salvationist's face.

\* \* \*

For the turning of the tide had left Phillip a backslider. He is not the only man who has remembered God in adversity's ebb, but forgotten Him in prosperity's flow.



Baby's First Harvest.



By ENSIGN WHITTEKER.

"RECKON we've put in a good half-day's work, boy," said Mr. Martin, as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow with his large red handkerchief. "And there's the dinner-horn at last."

His three stalwart sons raised their heads at the sound, dropped the hoes with which they had been digging potatoes, and all four proceeded to the spindly brick dwelling recently erected by the farmer.

Mrs. Martin greeted them with her usual smile. She looked the picture of health and happiness, and there was a ruddy glow on her countenance as she lifted two steaming potatoes from the saucepan.

"Even, wife," said the farmer, "if down in this afternoon and find the good, round potatoes they are, too."

Before Mrs. Martin had time to frame a reply Edith their fair-haired little daughter, rushed into the house breathless with excitement and haste. "O-mamma, I saw two ladies driving up the road with such funny looking hats on; I watched to see where they would go, and they have just turned in our gate."

"What can the child mean?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Oh, it's the Salvation Army; I guess they are on a begging expedition. I have seen famous posters up announcing their Harvest Festival;

At the first opportunity the Captain made known her mission to Mr. Martin, cautiously approaching him on the subject.

"I believe the Army is doing good, but I tell you candidly, I don't like all this begging."

"I don't think you understand our Harvest Festival scheme. Let me explain it to you, and the Captain proceeded. "The object of this effort is to give an expression of thankfulness to God for His goodness in providing for your needs according to the command of Exodus we read how Moses had a certain who were of a mind to bring an offering unto the Lord for the building of the Tabernacle. Moses found, as we do, that almost anything and everything could be used to good advantage in the establishing of the desired end, and gives to the people a long list of articles which could be put to service in the promoting of this object. Then we must remember that it is only a willing offering that is acceptable to God, and that giving always attends true giving, for 'He who is more blessed to give than to receive.' Again we read in God's Word that 'All the tithes of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, of the herd or of the flock, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord.' You have had an abundant harvest this year, and you must not forget that this is all through the blessing of God, and you are really indebted to Him."

But the Captain's words seemed as little or no avail. He supposed it was all right, but did not see the necessity of making any sacrifice himself.

Mr. Martin was not always in such comfortable circumstances. He had a record of hard work and careful living, and accumulated considerable property, built a fine residence, and was almost on the point of saying, "Now thou hast much good; laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." He did not wish to be troubled on the question of giving.

Dinner over, the Captain asked for a Bible, and opening at the 12th chapter of Luke, she read the story of the foolish farmer, finishing with these beautiful words, "But rather seek ye the Kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you."

"We'll pray for you," said the Captain, as they were about to take their departure. —O—

It was Saturday afternoon, the commencement of the Harvest Festival. The decorations were nearly completed, and the officers were just finishing the arrangement of the vegetables and fruits in the barracks.

"It was a good harvest," some whispered, "though no one has brought any," said the Lieutenant.

"Mr. Martin had such lovely potatoes, and I really thought he would bring us some, though he did refuse at the time we asked for them; I must say I am disappointed," and the Captain sighed as fresh thoughts came to her mind.

"Keep believing, God will not allow us to be defeated if we really do our best," and the cheery little Lieutenant proceeded to arrange the plates of rosy-cheeked apples, the large cabbage heads, etc., in the most artistic manner. The afternoon's work finished, they had tea, and then began tidying up the room knock at the door.

The Captain quickly opened it, the Lieutenant looked up to see who was there, and almost dropped the tray of dishes she was carrying as she held the stately form of Mr. Martin, and seated in the carriage was Mrs. Martin, their three sons and little Martin.

"I've brought you some potatoes for your Harvest Festival, and we are all coming to your meeting to-night," said he, and began to unload the potatoes.

The Captain did not seem surprised. Somehow she had a feeling that God would touch the farmer's heart, since he had been praying so earnestly for him.

They enjoyed the meeting so much that they drove in again on Sunday night, and, best of all, Mr. Martin was found kneeling at the mercy seat.

The bellowing Captain reached his target, and had a few dollars to spare, and she had the joy, before receiving farewell orders, of enrolling Mr. Martin and his family under the blood-and-thunder flag.

## Territorial Newslets.

Harvest Festival week is here again. How the time flies, and how quickly our opportunities for doing good are slipping away. Men and money are two essentials in pushing forward the claims of Christ on a dark and sinful world. We are convinced that throughout the Territory we have men and women of the right stamp who will again push the effort for all they are worth. Echoes from far and near raise our highest expectations for a brilliant victory.

Toronto has been besieged with visitors during the last two weeks, and quite a few Salvationists have taken advantage of the cheap rates to the Queen City. An old couple, veterans in the Salvation war, had evidently been hunting around for the Territory in Headquarters. And so, after a very long time, when at last their weary feet wandered in the right direction. But they were not quite sure they had struck the proper spot until they peeped through the window of the Trade Office, where they noticed the picture of the dear General: their faces were illuminated in a moment, and they joyfully exclaimed, "We have found the place!"

We are extremely cheered by the interest displayed in the "Centralian" in regard to the boomers' hat. We have no doubt we shall see a great improvement in the standing of the C.O.P. in the Honor Roll as a result.

We learn that Mrs. Capt. LeCocq, of Sant' Ste. Marie, has been stricken down with typhoid fever, and has been seriously ill. However, we are glad to say that Mrs. LeCocq is improving.

Staff-Capt. Cass, at the Temple, last week-end, had an extraordinary good day. Exceedingly large crowds of Exhibitors visitors were present at the open-air and indoor meetings.

Harvest Festival has been well received in the city. Yorkville comrades know already just where to lay their hands on the amount of their target.

Adjt. Burrows has been obliged to leave field work to a time owing to ill health, and will take a position proton in the Central Ontario Provincial Office.

Adjt. Perry, Traveling Financial Special for the Central Ontario Province, has been appointed by the Commissioners to assist Staff-Capt. Siemynu in the Training Home.

Captain Trickey is going to be a Traveling Financial Special for a few weeks at least.

There will be a general Staff change at the end of October, about the time of the General's visit.

The Commissioner will meet the new batch of Cadets on Saturday next, when there will be a reception tea. We think the Cadets highly honored to have with them their leaders at such an early date, and the inspiration they will receive from her presence and words will help them all better to push ahead and make a good mark for themselves during the session.

It is under serious consideration to appoint a J. S. Secretary for the Central Ontario Province.

A letter has been received by the Commissioner from a female officer applying for the Zulu work in South Africa.

There are three hundred and twenty Corps-Comrades on the roll. Not so bad for a beginning.

We met the smiling face of Adjt. Cooper in the Trade Office, now in charge of Petrolia District. One could easily tell he had some weighty matters on his mind, so we determined to see if we could not get a little news for the C.R.Y. We gathered first that he was at Headquarters to discuss the building of a new brick barracks at Petrolia; that four hundred dollars had already been collected, and seven hundred dollars promised altogether—a lot secured on the front street where stood the world-famous Peterborough Iron Company's colliery. The building program had been taken up enthusiastically by the people, that souls are being saved, and God is richly blessing the work in the town.

Adjt. Scarf has been appointed by the Commissioner to assist at the Territorial Training Home.

In consequence of the pressure of work, Capt. Peacock is lending assistance with his shorthand in the Chief Secretary's office, and Lieut. Milner is doing likewise in the Commissioner's Department.

We desire to draw attention to two slight alterations in the General's ap-

pointments which could not be avoided. The first concerns Woodstock, Ont., which will be visited on the Monday instead of Friday, while the second affects the Toronto dates, which will be put forward (see p. 16) from Tuesday to Friday. All other appointments stand as before. The change in the Toronto dates will be generally welcomed as an improvement on the former arrangements.

Anarchists in Spain celebrated the anniversary of the assassination of President McKinley.

There have been further and apparently valuable discoveries of coal beds at Rosario, in the Sudan.

While the foundations of the new barracks at Toulon, France, were being laid, the bones of more than 1,000 persons were discovered. They were in layers without trace of coffins.

A sharp fight took place in the Persian Gulf between a boat's crew of the British gunboat Lapwing and a slave dhow. A blue-jacket was killed and several were wounded.

Prof. Virchow, the eminent German pathologist, is dead.

The Chilian Government has received an offer to buy the battleship Captain Prat for \$3,000,000, and the armored cruiser Esmeralda for \$2,500,000. These offers are supposed to be made for Japan.

Picturesque and quaint Posen welcomed the German Emperor with remarkable cordiality. The Poles, instead of looking on with sullen disdain, shouted themselves hoarse and enjoyed themselves as heartily as the Germans.

Russia is insisting upon sending four unarmed torpedo boats through the Dardanelles, in spite of the Porte's objection.

A Boxer proclamation has been posted at Canton, inciting the slaughter of foreigners.

## A MINUTE WITH BRIG. SHARP

**Easterners All Alive for Harvest Festival—New Corps to Be Opened.**

Brigadier Sharp put in an appearance at the Territories. Headquarters the other day, and the sight of his face and the sound of his voice were as good as a tonic. To a great number of our comrades in the Territory it is not necessary to describe the Brigadier. Suffice it to say, then, to those few who have not yet had the pleasure of his acquaintance, that he is an all-round Salvationist, who carries with him his very presence an assurance that you are not likely soon to forget him and to know well is to love much. He is one of that happy kind of human beings who see less sorrows in the world than the general woe of mankind, and who wherever he may be placed, and is always enthusiastic in anything that promises to the advancement of the Salvation war.

No wonder, then, we were glad to see him again, and have a strong grip of his friendly hand.

We asked, "How goes the war in the East?" and were glad to learn that all was well. The topic of the hour was Harvest Festival, and naturally, we queried what were the prospects.

"Oh, all right," replied the Brigadier. "It will need a pull, but you may be sure we shall come out on top."

Of this we could not help but be certain, for when were those "blue-noses" defeated? Many of them live ten years in the sun, where they oft feel soft salt breezes blowing over their sandy countenances, to be anything but hardy and energetic, sufficiently so to overcome the English. But Pry is quite aware it is not his place in this case you require. He will then hasten to say, in answer to a further question as to the direction in which the war was advancing, he was told that in the near future three or four new Corps were to be opened—one as early as next week at Cape Town, Cape Breton, where there was a prospect of a good work being done for God.

The conversation, as you will have already gathered, was becoming decidedly interesting, when at that moment the door of the Chief Secretary's office opened and a stentorian voice called out, "The Colonel will see you now." A second later, with a merry twinkle in his eye, the Brigadier had vanished, and thus came an abrupt termination to what promised to be an exceedingly interesting interview.—Pry.

# The Way of the WORLD

## Canadian Cuttings.

The Elder-Dempster Steamship Company has written the Canadian Minister of Marine, suggesting certain improvements in the St. Lawrence to protect navigation, and offering the services of two of their experienced officers.

Sir Wilfred Laurier has gone to Switzerland, and Mr. Fielding has left Paris for London.

Special rates of postage to Yukon and Athabasca districts have been abolished, and the rate hereafter will be the same as for the rest of the Dominion.

The General Synod of the Church of England rejected the proposal to change the church's name, but voted in favor of a revised edition of the prayer book.

Rev. Prof. Elliott's eight-year-old daughter was fatally burned at Montreal.

It is reported at Ottawa that Thanksgiving Day this year will be fixed for October 23d.

At a representative meeting of Jamaican sugar planters a resolution was passed favoring federation with Canada.

Sir Edward Barton, Premier of the Australian Commonwealth, and Sir John Forrest, the Commonwealth's Minister of Defence, were tendered a dinner at the Toronto Club, by the Board of Trade.

## U. S. Sights.

President Roosevelt's carriage was struck by a trolley car, near Pittsfield, Mass. William Craig, one of the body guard, was killed, and the other occupant of the carriage bruised and shaken.

The State Department at Washington is without information regarding the visit of Sir Robert Bond, Newfoundland's Premier, who is reported in St. John's and Montreal despatched as having set out to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with the United States.

The Philadelphia School Board has ordered coal from England to heat the public schools of the city during the coming winter.

Twenty-five American soldiers in the Philippines have died of cholera.

The United States Government magazine in Boston Harbor exploded, killing one soldier, and severely injuring others.

The mines of the Pocahontas Company, at Bramwell, W. Va., were fired by strikers.

Most of the strikers have resumed work at Florence and business is returning to normal condition.

## British Briefs.

Holyhead has entered a claim as a desirable terminus for the proposed fast Atlantic Canadian line.

Sir Christopher Furness is believed to be one of the moving spirits in the proposed British airship combination. It would cost £10,000,000 to buy up all the big British firms.

An explosion occurred at the Tredegar Iron Company's colliery, near Rhymney, Monmouthshire, while 112 men were underground. Sixteen are dead and seventeen are seriously injured.

Hooliganism is again increasing in several districts of South London. Outrages are committed in the chief thoroughfares by organized bands.

The British shipbuilding trade is said to be very much depressed.

Lord Strathcona and Lord Mountstephen have given to the King's Hospital Fund an endowment which now brings in £16,000 yearly, and is expected to increase in the near future.

Welsh mining men advise the British Admiralty to store coal underwater to retain its calorific quality.

The British Trade Congress rejects a resolution favoring compulsory arbitration by 961,000 to 303,000 votes.

The west coast of England has been swept by violent gales, which have done much damage.

## International Items.

Reconstruction is proceeding much quicker and more easily in the Orange River Colony than in the Transvaal. The difficulties of amalgamating the Dutch and English elements have been nearly overcome, and everybody is apparently determined to settle down and obliterate, as far as possible, the recent bitterness.

General Cronje, who has lately returned from exile at St. Helena, said that during the war he had lost, from want and disease, twenty relatives. He believed the British and Dutch races would work harmoniously together for the development of the country.

Continuous rain in India is benefiting the crops.

In a vote on an educational question the Cape Ministry was defeated by 41 to 27.

It is estimated that 40 persons were drowned during Sunday's storm in Agona Bay, S.A.

The Swazis are threatening trouble in South Africa.

A strong earthquake shock, accompanied by subterranean rumblings, was felt in Alpine.

Owing to the dock laborers' strike at Barcelona, ships find it impossible to discharge their cargoes.

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# FOR THE WORKERS IN OUR GREAT HARVEST FIELD.

## HARVEST FESTIVAL READINGS.

"Not grudgingly, God loveth a cheerful giver." A Little SUNDAY. London crossing swep't round an apple, and offered a companion "a bite." The companion took a very moderate one, upon which the generous donor said, "You know you're welcome; bite bigger, Billy." If grown-up rich people were as generous as that wif, the Salvation Army and the deserving poor would be welcomed to bigger bites.

"He that giveth to the poor shall not lack," but he that MONDAY hideth his eyes shall have a curse."—Prov. 22.

It is told amongst old legends that when Gregory was only a monk in the monastery of St. Andrew a beggar presented himself at the gate and asked alms; being relieved, he came again and again. When Gregory became Pope it was his custom each day to entertain at his own table twelve poor men in remembrance of the twelve Apostles. One night, as he sat at supper with them, he saw to his surprise not twelve, but thirteen guests. After the meal he called forth the unbidden guest and asked him, "Who art thou?" And he answered, "I am the poor man whom thou didst formerly relieve, but My name is 'The Wretched'." Said the Pope, "We thus attain salvation whenever thou shalt ask of God." Then Gregory knew that he had entertained our Lord Himself.

—

"Every man shall give as he is able, according to his TUESDAY blessing from the Lord to God which he hath given thee."—Deut. 16, 17. A gentleman called upon a rich friend for a donation.

"Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man.

"Do you mean the widow's mite?"

"Certainly," was the answer.

"I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said his frie d.

"How much are you worth?"

"Sixty thousand dollars."

"Give me, then, your cheque for thirty thousand dollars; that will be half as much as she gave, for she, you know, gave her all."

The rich man was comforted. Covetous people often try to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite.

—

"All the tithes of the land, whether of the seed of the WEDNESDAY, land or of the fruit of the land or of the flock, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord."—Lev. 27, 30, 32. I remember a man who got saved. He had a wife, but no family, and he used to tell me often that he earned \$5 a day at his trade "And," said he, "it used to cost me the lot for drink, gambling and tobacco." I noticed that he never parted with much for God's work, so I spoke to him about it. He said, "I do, now I must save up, so as to have a little for a rainy day, besides, I don't believe in my life had known what a good hand gives." A good job. It did not, as it might be expected to, win him salvation; but we were asked to give something for a tea meeting. It used to be a pound of candy, or some other small article. He saved nearly \$400 and went for a trip, end in two months the lot was gone—in drink; and he wound up with six months in prison for vagrancy.

Nothing stains the soul like meanness. The least that anyone should give is a tenth (a tithe) of what he receives, little or much. Of this he should keep strict account, either weekly or monthly. Thus he will cultivate the habit of giving, and experience one of the sweetest joys of which the soul is capable.

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—Matt. 16, 26. "What is the value of this estate?" said a gentleman to another, with whom he was traveling, as they passed a fine mansion surrounded by fair and fertile fields.

"I don't know what it is valued at, but I know what it cost its late possessor," said the gentleman.

"How much?"

"Five thousand dollars."

Thousands and tens of thousands sell their souls for the earthly possessions of this world. Shall that be said of you concerning the things you have loved and sought after on earth, when you have passed into eternity?

"Give and it shall be given unto you."—Luke 6, 38. "I'm FRIDAY, known many a church to die 'cause it didn't sit enough, but I never knew a church to die 'cause it gib too much. Devn don't die dat way." Iredrea, has any

you known a church to die 'cause it gib too much? If you do, jest let me know, and I'll make a pilgrimage to that church, and I'll climb up by the soft light on de moon to its moss covered roof, and I'll stand dar and lift up my hands to neb'n and say: 'Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! We are de dead dat die in de Lord.'"

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where SATURDAY. he was; and when he saw him, he had com-

passion on him."—Luke 10, 33. One cold day in January a poor sailor was standing coatless outside a lodging house near the pier at Gravesend. He had not only spent all his money, but had pawned with his coat, with colors, and found that he was unable for a ship to go to sea again.

An eyewitness saw Gordon take off his own coat, place it on the sailor and walk back to the Fort House in his shirt sleeves. Another time, when the winter coats were being delivered at the Fort House, Gordon noticed that one of the men was very ill-clad and ragged. He rigged him out; and his kindness was not misplaced, for when the next coal delivery took place Gordon noticed that the boots and trousers he had given were both being used, and he made the remark, "I am pleased to see that you are wearing the clothes I gave you, and people seem to think that the fact of Gordon's kindness occasionally benefiting the ingrateful and the unfit is a reflection on his acuteness and his common-sense. So far from this being the case, it seems that Gordon deliberately incurred the danger of being deceived for the chance of helping in real distress. Once, when walking through the hospital ward's one hot summer day, Gordon noticed a sick man tortured by flies alighting on his face. Saying nothing, he went out and bought a fan, which he gave to the nurse for the sick man, "that he may gain a little rest." That sick man still possessed the fan which Gordon gave him, and he prizes it

time in my life I ever remember such words. I revisited the sufficiently to get up. All that day long I heard was ringing in my until that night I had a good sleep, and next morning I woke that song was still ringing in my ears, and until noon that when it left me. The next day went to work, and worked three months without drinking any. When the three months were up I got drunk again. I went home that night people did not know it. Next morning I was to work again, and worked that week out, when I shipped in a schooner and went to New York. While there I often got drunk, when I returned home I left the schooner and kept myself pretty sober, so much so that the people said "John was drinking less than Christmas day when I broke out again." When I found that I had again become

### The Slave to Rum

I made up my mind with determination to die a drunkard. I never expected to be sober again.

"When the Salvation Army came in Cartersfield I used to tell my cronies I saw that when I was in the houses long before they came here.

"When I was drunk—which was nearly all the time—and would have them coming, I would run away down some wharf or into some rum shop to get clear of them. I thought they were a band of devils.

"Last winter I went again to New York in a schooner, and coming some chums would say to me, 'We'll leave the old packet and spend the evening at the Salvation Army.' I would say, 'You may go, but I won't go near them.'

"One night I and two of my mates were drinking together. They invited me to go to the Salvation Army barracks, but would not go. They then carried me up; I was very drunk. I was not there long till I got quite sober, and that night I firmly believed that that was the same song I had seen when in the horrors. I believed there was the only place where I could get saved, and that I would be saved from that night. I went home from there with money in my pocket—something I had not done for years except the three months I was sober. From that night the appetite for rum was gone. Next morning I did not think of drinking any. I was thinking of the Army, expecting to go there and be saved. That night I went there, but could not go to the penitent form. For three weeks I went every night with the same intention, and always with the same success. I could not get strength enough to go. At last, thinking it impossible for me to go to the penitent form sober, I went and got rum enough to give a drink to the Devil, getting, but when it was over I was sober again and went home. A friend of mine, one of the soldiers, God bless him, knowing how I was struggling, followed me to the house. I went with him, and never stopped going until I found myself at the penitent form. I was not there long till I found a great load lifted off me. God had done the work, all glory to His name. I rose to my feet a man and from that night I have been free from the devil and all his works and enjoying a free and full salvation. Glory be to God for the Salvation Army!"

### HUMILITY.

"Humility—the fairest and loveliest flower that grew in Paradise, and the first that God—has rarely nourished since on mortal soil. It is so frail and delicate a thing that it is gone if it but looks upon itself, and they have no venture to believe it theirs prove by that single thought they have it not."

The human fly is apt to mistake adhesion to, for possession of the fir-paper of man.

THE LIFE OF  
**COLONEL ARNOLIS WEERASOORIYA.**

By Commander Booth Tucker.

(Continued.)

**A**RNOLIS accepted the new religion of his parents as a matter of course, and was sent for his education to a Christian college in Kandy, the capital of Ceylon. His father's idea was to give his eldest boy a first-class training, and then obtain for him either a Government position or start him in life as a merchant, lawyer or business man. He was not unwilling, however, that his son should become an ordained preacher of the Gospel in the church of which he was a member, believing that his talents and education would enable him to rise to the highest positions available for a native.

It seemed that his anticipations would be abundantly realized, for young Weerasooriya bore an excellent character in his college and was beloved by all, and showed that he possessed brilliant abilities. A copy of the Life of Haslam fell into his hands, and in reading it he became deeply convicted of sin. He realized that while professing Christianity, reading his Bible, saying his prayers and attending church, he had never really been converted. He was horrified at his position. He turned for spiritual advice to some of those around him, but instead of seeking to deepen his convictions they sought to allay his alarm and make him contented with his condition. But he persisted that he was not really saved, and began to doubt whether some of his spiritual advisers had ever experienced a real change of heart. By day and night he ceaselessly cried out to God for salvation.

Suddenly the light from Heaven flashed in upon his soul. He was attending a public service in the church. His soul was in an agony of conviction. Suddenly he seemed to hear a voice saying, "Thy sins shall be forgiven thee." A flood of tears swept over his face. He looked proudly around, his face beaming with joy, and felt like saying, "Don't you know, I am the child of a king?"

The meeting was scarcely over when he rushed to his pastor, and to various other friends in the college, and told them the joyful news that his sins were forgiven, he was a child of God. Some were glad, some were incredulous. Some assured him the feeling would soon wear away. But nothing would quench his enthusiasm.

He commenced holding meetings in his own room—singing, speaking, praying—united. His pastor did not say anything to him. Such a sight should have grieved him. Some of the boys gathered round his door to witness the strange spectacle. Suddenly they were in turn overwhelmed with conviction, and cried to God for mercy. The news flew through the college. The room was soon crowded out—more space was required. The leaders of the college became interested in the wonderful movement. But their fear of excitement and lack of freedom soon made young Weerasooriya feel that he could get on better without their help.

Just at this critical moment the news reached the college that a representative of the Salvation Army was about to visit Kandy. Weerasooriya was one of the first to welcome him. The papers had been filled with accounts of the new movement. The landing of the first party of Salvationists in Bombay, their arrest, prosecution and imprisonment, had stirred the entire European and native community throughout India and Ceylon from its centre to its circumference. Hence, when the sole representative of the Army, Captain Gladwin, landed in Kandy, there was a crowd gathered to welcome him and to hear from him the story of the Army's work. Not only did he preach salvation with a simplicity and force that had seldom been known in Kandy, but he explained the Army teachings regarding holiness and the blessing of a clean heart. This was like a new gospel to young Weerasooriya. To believe was to accept. He claimed at once the blessing of sanctification, and never was it more

beautifully and persistently demonstrated than by his spotless and devoted life.

When first he was converted, so powerful and overwhelming was the love for his Saviour that swept over his strong nature that he wrote the word JESUS in large letters on separate sheets of paper, and pressed each letter of the word passionately into his lips. From that moment a holy sort of jealousy seemed to take hold of him that none on earth should love his Saviour better than himself. He would look and eagerly to see whether he could find among his acquaintances or fellow-townsmen any who loved Jesus better than himself, and would then set to work with earnest rivalry to create and prove his greater love. Then he would seize the books which told of the lives of the greatest earthly saints, and would seek to surpass their vocation.

On such an ardent nature we can well imagine what was the effect produced by the sight of a white man dressed in the Hindoo costume, dis-

carding his own national habits in order that he might win souls to Jesus.

Up to this moment he had felt well able to keep abreast of the foremost professing Christians in Ceylon, and prove to the satisfaction of his heart that he loved Jesus even better than the best. But here was a new light, a new example, which tested his sincerity to the utmost. He had been brought up in the lap of luxury, had been educated in Europe, and had learned to regard it as part and parcel of his Christianity. He had discarded his native dress and customs, and had become as strangely prejudiced in favor of his new habits as though he had been brought up in them from infancy.

Moreover, the adoption of a European style undoubtedly gave him with the rousing classes a prestige which as an ordinary native he would not possess, and was likely to be helpful to him in his future career.

But here was a man who evidently loved Christ better than himself. He could no longer claim for himself the first place in the affections of his Saviour! The very thought was tormenting. He could not bear it. His choice was made. He must himself be a Salvionist, he must discard his European garb, he must don the native uniform, he must become an officer.

(To be continued.)

peals from the platform. On these occasions they weep, and pray, and promise, and then directly afterwards go back in the same state that they were in before. They are penitent, sincerely penitent for the time, but they stop short of getting converted, and so, being just as weak as they were before, they naturally lapse into their former condition.

4. Conversion is not forgiveness. Forgiveness of sins always goes with it. And, when you think about conversion, you think about forgiveness at the same time. They are twin blessings, and walk into a man's soul at the same moment, for goodness leading the way. But although so nearly related and always found together, they differ materially.

If you could have one without the other you would find a great difference. You can easily imagine that a man might have all his past sins pardoned; have a clean slate, as it were; yet if that were all, when the nice feelings he passed and the old temptations came along, the same man would fall again into the same or similar sins, and soon make up a new record similar to that just washed away. He wants to be made a different man in order to lead a different life. That is, he needs conversion.

Forgiveness is something that God does outside of a man. Conversion is something that He does inside of him, to forgiveness He adds out the record of his transgressions, saves him from the condemnation of sin, writes his name in the Book of Life, and makes him a citizen of the New Jerusalem. In conversion He changes his nature, makes him a different kind of things that before he loved, and loves the good things that before he hated. Conversion and forgiveness go together, they are never parted—but they are not the same.

5. Conversion is the doctrine of the Bible. All the teaching of Jesus Christ and His Apostles proceeds on the assumption that the real Christian has undergone a change of heart. Jesus Christ taught this truth explicitly when He said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." That which is born of the flesh is flesh; that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." And again, when He said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

The sum of this teaching is—First, that to become a child of God, a man must experience an inward change so real and great as to be comparable to being born afresh; secondly, this change can only be effected by the power of the Holy Spirit, and thirdly, that without it no man can possess the life and experience or the blessings, or have the power enjoyed by the members of the Kingdom of Heaven in this world or in the world to come. Conversion is a wonderful experience, and it is an absolute necessity.

To be converted, then, is to have a change of heart. And with a changed heart there will be a changed life. The heart controls and determines the character of the life. Selfish, proud, revengeful, ambitious, worldly, devilish hearts make it impossible for those who possess them to live other than selfish, proud, revengeful, ambitious, worldly, devilish lives. Just so, pure, and humble, and benevolent, in short, Christ-like hearts, ensure pure, humble, benevolent and Christ-like lives.

#### MEMBERS IN PARTICULAR.

"Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular." There are two great truths that Christians need to learn: 1st, the Body is one; 2nd, each Christian is a "member in particular," having his special office. None can say to another, "I have no need of thee." We are not to expect all to perform the same part of the work, but each and all the members of the Body as with all that pleased Him. Their usefulness depends on keeping in their place.—Fire Brand.

The delights of heaven may be fashened out of the disappointments of earth.

## Letters from the General

» » » To the Soldiers of the Salvation Army.

### ABOUT BEING SAVED.

#### Letter No. 7—CONVERSION.

My Dear Comrades,—

You will remember that the purpose of the letters I have lately been writing is to show you what we Salvationists mean when we talk about being saved.

I have dealt with the blessing of "Forgiveness," and I now want to have a talk with you about "Conversion," which is, in my estimation, an equally important theme. Indeed, I am not sure whether as a subject it is not even more important to us as a people in particular, and to the world in general, than forgiveness, because it seems of late to have dropped so very much out of notice in the bulk of the burches. I fear that you will very soon hear the topic mentioned outside our borders.

Many preachers and teachers have tried to teach the love of Christ, and the desirability of being good, and just, and true; but very few dwell particularly or frequently on the subject of that "New Heart" which is created by the Holy Spirit, and of which the Saviour spoke so plainly. And yet without its possession anything like true spiritual joy and holy living are simply impossible. And also I even where conversion is commonly spoken of, and professedly believed in, I am afraid that the notions respecting it are often very mischievous and in some cases positively false and misleading.

This applies, I am afraid, to some Salvationists, and to make them understand better what it is to be converted is one of the objects of this letter.

Now you will know that to be converted is to be changed. It is to be made different from what you were before. If a man goes to the mercy seat, or kneels down in his own chamber and repents of his sins, and experiences saving faith in Christ, he will be converted. What does that mean? What has happened to the man who has been converted? Let me try and show you this.

And first, let me say that conversion does not consist in a change of opinions. A change of opinions, and that often to a very remarkable extent, follows conversion if it does not actually accompany it, but it does not constitute conversion. Many unconverted people learn a great deal more than the converted people do. There can be any amount of knowledge about what is right and what is wrong; about God, and Jesus Christ,

and duty, and indeed about almost every other religious subject, without conversion.

In the seventh chapter of Romans we have a description of a man whose head is full of knowledge, but whose heart has not been changed. That is, a man who, though concerned about religion, has not been converted. He sees the sort of life he ought to live, he desires it, condemns himself because he does not realize it; but he has not power to act up to his conviction of duty. He has the light, but he has not the ability required to walk in it. He cries out, "The good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, I do." He knows his Master's will, but does it not. What is he to do? Is he merely to get to know that will more perfectly? No, his first duty is to seek the power to do it. He will get that in conversion.

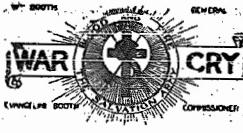
Neither does a change of doctrine or belief always mean conversion. For instance, a man may change over from being a Roman Catholic to being a Protestant, or from being a heathen to be a Christian, and if it be only a change of belief to which he is added, with very little if any nearer to the heart of Jesus Christ and the life of the Spirit than he was before. There is nothing gained by holding the truth in unrighteousness.

2. Conversion does not consist merely in a change of bodily habits. When those habits have been evil, conversion will ensure such a change, and that in a most remarkable degree. It is quite common amongst us, as you all know, for men who have been the slaves of drink and opium, and of many other evil will indulgences, to lose the unnatural appetite for these things at the moment of their conversion, but still a man can even overcome these earthly things, and yet stop short of being converted.

3. Conversion is not repentance. Repentance is a condition of conversion, but it is possible to repent without going on to a realization of that marvellous change which we are speaking of.

A man may be very sorry about his past sins, and go to the penitent form and weep and pray, and be forgiven, and yet never be converted.

There is little doubt about that, because the actual history of multitudes of the people we see around us tells us of an end with religion all the time. God is always waking them up by deathbeds, by sicknesses or losses, by strivings of His Spirit, and ep-



# World-Wide Gleanings.

## Great Britain.

The General has just completed three magnificent meetings in Birmingham, Eng., where 155 souls came to the mercy seat. No one can better describe these meetings than our beloved leader, and with regard to them he has written the following:

"My Sunday in Birmingham has not only been by far the greatest success I have ever known in that city, but added another red-letter day to my history."

The immense crowds, the blessed influences, the striking conversions, together with the hearty co-operation of all departments, were all given to fill my soul with gratitude to God, confidence in the future, and the hope of seeing still greater things before I go to my celestial home.

"I don't know what the War Cry is going to say about the meetings, but in my opinion no language can describe the holy, heavenly, victorious scene witnessed in the Birmingham Empire Music Hall on Sunday, August 24th, in the year of grace 1902.

"Let us give glory to God in the highest, and go on to greater triumphs still.—William Booth."

The last news from Commissioner Howard and Colonel Bates was posted at Aden. Despite the terrific heat of the Red Sea, and the thermometer had registered ninety-two in the cabins, all was well. The Foreign Secretary's welcome meeting in Melbourne is announced for Sept. 3rd. Mrs. Commissioner Howard is on a short visit to her son, Denmark's Chief Secretary.

Dublin IV. has just been opened by Brigadier Cooke, assisted by Captain Erickson and Lieut. Martin. A wife stated that at the preliminary attack the roughs and residents congregated in force, and some of these appeared likely to be troublesome. The Brigadier, however, was equal to the occasion. The officers were pelted with mud and stones, and windows were smashed. The meetings, however, were continued with excellent results, and the congregations became more and more attentive. The Rev. H. McCreedy welcomed the Army to his parish, and the prospects of the corps are encouraging. Six for holiness and three for salvation were registered at the week-end meetings.

An accident recently occurred at Sengheneth, Eng., in which several colliers were entombed, and amongst them one of our soldiers. The rescue party, after working a considerable time, were about to give up, thinking the task of rescuing their comrades as hopeless, when a faint sound was heard. The party listened, and true enough it was the voice of singing. In his tomb the Salvationist was singing, "O, what peace the Saviour gives!"

## United States.

Our beloved General is to be received in royal style by Salvationists in the U. S. A. The S.S. Philadelphia, bringing the General, will be met on the bay by fourteen steamers on Saturday, Oct. 4th. It will be a gay day indeed for our cousins across the border.

Consul Booth-Tucker conducted a soldiers' council at Memorial Hall, New York City, on Thursday last, which is described as a momentous occasion. Hundreds were lifted nearer to God in the arms of faith and consecration.

Commander Booth-Tucker is making a brief visit to Oklahoma City, and while there will inspect a piece of land, valued at \$10,000, which has been offered the Army on condition that it will erect a building thereon.

A newspaper editor in Seattle, U.S.A., has offered to advance the first year's rent if the Army will open a Rescue Home in that city.

One of the men-Cadets in the New York Training Home is a converted Hebrew, who was in training for rabbinical honors. One of the women was a successful journalist.

## South Africa.

The project for the acquisition of a new Home or Farm for the discharged prisoners in Natal is booming. On Commissioner Kilbey's arrival in Durban, Major Smith presented him with a list showing donations and promises amounting to \$5,000. It was one of the pleasantest surprises the Commissioner has ever received. The best of it was, the list was not closed, the Major was sanguine of almost, if not entirely, reaching \$10,000.

The Coronation Celebration Committee, of Cape Town, asked the Army to provide a special tea for the inmates of our Social Institutions, in celebration of the coronation of His Majesty the King.

Major Lotz has carried off some more prizes with the Social Farm Folly, this time at the Kimberley Exhibition. The following prizes were taken: 7 specials, 14 flats, 20 seconds.

The Cape Town Metropole has been fuller than ever during the past few weeks. Several nights quite a crowd of men have slept outside in the yard, every inch of space inside being occupied. One morning an orderly went to wake up a poor fellow who showed no signs of getting up, and found the angel of death had visited him during the night. Drink and exposure was the cause of his death.

## India.

The Chief of Staff writes the following for the British Cry:

"A good result of the postponement of the Coronation is seen in the great friendliness, for which there was thus opportunity, between the visitors from the distant parts of the world and the people of England. The following striking letter sent to the Lord Mayor of London by the Indian Princeps—men of enormous influence among their own people—recently sojourning in this country, is a remarkable, as well as an interesting document, and the state of mind it indicates will not be without influence on the spread of Christianity in India."

"Our regard and affection for the great British people become deeper, because the more we come in contact, the more we understand each other, and thereby promote our common interest and mutual regard and attachment. We pray for the continuance of the greatness of the British people, for we are satisfied that in and through their greatness the prosperity and happiness of our own country and people will be advanced. May God bless the United Kingdom and its inhabitants—the King and the Queen, the members of the Royal family, and every one in all ranks and conditions; it blessing them we feel that the Almighty will bless us also!"

## Switzerland.

Our comrades in Switzerland have just lost a faithful friend and true comrade in the person of Rev. A. Rollier.

This gentleman, though he did not identify himself with the S. A. as a soldier, was heavily sold with us in our work, and constantly and continually championed our cause through evil as well as good report.

Mrs. Rollier has been a Salvationist for years, and two of the sons are fighting in our ranks, one (Captain Rollier) as an officer in Belgium; the other has for years been a soldier, the assistant of a Bernese surgeon of worldwide repute.

The conversion of these young men followed as the result of a desperate struggle, but both of them made up,

their minds in a very decided manner, and have served God ever since they took the important step. Two sons of the late Pastor Rollier themselves pastors.

When the Army opened fire in Switzerland we were met with a storm of persecution almost unparalleled. Mr. Rollier at that time held a professorship, and for twenty-four years had charge of the parish of St. Aubin. Because of his outspoken utterances in favor of the work of the Army, he was removed from his professorship, and a shameful attack made upon him by members of his own parish caused him not to be re-elected at the next pastoral election.

## Tweed.

Small-pox is prevalent in the Barbadoes, and was the cause of many native Cadets being quarantined there for seven little months. His visit to St. Lucia, in consequence of the epidemic, had to be cancelled, and general business interfered with. While was in the vicinity the Commissioner was also anxious to pay a visit to the Island of Martinique, but suffered disappointment. We further learn that ultimately the only way out lay in the direction of going to Trinidad by a small schooner of 50 tons; and this would necessitate isolation for fourteen days. The "Wild Rover" had a mixture of cargo: hildes, potatoes, poultry, pigs, etc. She, however, was bound for Trinidad, and with three other business gentlemen, the Commissioner and his Secretary, booked these passages along with 25 deckers, who were all wealthy speculators. The first night they were followed by a calm the next day, when they found themselves miles behind the distance at first made, and not until the fourth day were they able to reach Trinidad.

## Red-Hots at Tweed.

### (Special.)

Again on the war path, this time at Tweed for ten days. Sunday we had a glorious start. Barracks filled twice, although it was intensely hot. Much conviction seized the congregations, some of which were in tears. One claimed full salvation in the morning meeting. Four for pardon in the afternoon and three at night, making eight for the day. Prospects seem bright for a spiritual apcalypse. Hallelujah!—Brigadier Pugmire.

### THE LATEST.

We are expecting marvelous outpourings in connection with our vital services in Tweed. Twenty-five seekers last meeting, some bathed in tears. Great excitement in town. Wind-up to-night with enlistment of recruits under the flag. Full particulars later.—Brigadier Pugmire.

## C. O. P. Chancellor at the Temple.

### (Special.)

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Cass conducted a series of very special meetings at the Temple at the last week-end. The Staff-Captain's different addresses during the day were very pointed and powerful. The crowds and financials were also very gratifying features of the day's campaign. The latter were the highest for some months. Large numbers of visitors present from all parts, especially from Uncle Sam's Domain. The open-air meetings were very large. People crowded around to get a good hearing and paid the very best attention. Turned-out armfuls of money. Large hall filled for evening service. Hand rendered good service all day. Three souls came forward during the meetings.

We were pleased to have a number of Headquarters officers with us during the day, among the number being Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin. Captain Pynn has been appointed to assist at the Temple, and we extend to him a hearty welcome.—G. W. Peacock.

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## GAZETTE.

### Promotions.

Cadet Eliza Moulton, of St. John's T. G., to be Pro-Lieutenant at Westerville.

Cadet Collins, of St. John's T. G., to be Pro-Lieutenant at St. John's Shelter.

Cand. Bennett, of Central Ontario, to be Pro-Captain at Oshawa.

### Appointments.

ENSIGN GAMMAIDGE, resting to Antropic.

ENSIGN HALL, to St. John, N.B., Rescue Home.

ENSIGN McDONALD, resting to Monoton.

### Marriage.

ADIT. SPARKS, who came out of Bay Roberts, Nfld., on June 23rd, 1895, now stationed at Tilt Cove, to Capt. R. Baggs, who came out of St. John's I., on June 23rd, 1894, by Brigadier Smeaton, on July 31, 1902.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Commissioner.

## Editorial.

### Harvest Festival.

"All the best of the oil; and all the best of the wine, and of the wheat, they shall offer unto the Lord," was the commandment to the Children of Israel, often and in various forms repeated. And well may we recall these words, for humanity is ever more apt to err on the side of selfishness rather than self-forgetfulness. The man who first considers God and His Kingdom, and gives liberally, is the richest man after all, for God will not be in debt to any man, and His rewards are sure. It is the liberal soul that has the promise of fatness, and he that scattereth wisely has the promise of increase.

Let us give well and willingly, and our gifts will become sound and well-paying investments in the Bank of Eternity. To the soul who only gives grudgingly and reluctantly giving becomes irksome and unprofitable, losing the blessing of giving down here, and its reward hereafter. Let this Harvest Festival be a joyful feast of warm gratitude for the Lord's abundant benefits, and we shall see His work increase and prosper, and His Kingdom become a greater reality to this world.

### Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering at Lindsay.

(By Wire.)

Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering to the front for week-end. The barracks was packed for lecture, "Ten Years in Modern Babylon." People delighted. Several souls knelt at the penitent form and cried for mercy. Offerings about five times the usual amount. God was glorified.—Adjt. Sims.

# The Song of the City.

By EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner.

"I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."—Rev. xi., 2, 3.

**N**O ONE would dispute or wish to question the all-prevailing influence and far-reaching power of music.

God Himself so loved it, and so realized its capacity to magnify joy or intensify sorrow that when He made three worlds He filled two with its songs, its strains, its trills, and its ripples, and the other with its dirges, its minors, and its eternal vibrations of its discordant sounds. When my fighting days are done, and from this field of service I am called to the world beyond, I shall listen with no little eagerness to hear how even heaven's music can outrival the enchanting beauties of earth's.

So strong is the passion for music within me that no robes can sing its evening lay, or bee hum of its gatherings through flowery bogs, or squirrel chatter compete with the sharp tone of the wood-pecker, but that my whole being is thrilled with gratitude to God for the ten thousand musical boxes swung upon tree branches, and lodged on the hillsides. Music everywhere—do we not move and sleep in one vast orchestra? In the silence of the night, as our Bible reminds us, "the stars of heaven sing together," and with the breaking of the morning, ten thousand harmonies vibrate 'neath the touch of gentle breezes, giving the key-note to awakening musicians a-nestle in the foliage. All music, music! Forests harp it on a thousand strings—the waters sound in amongst the crags—the thunder drum it across the hills—the oceans peal it forth, while hurricanes supply the wind for their great organs.

Ah, the music of our natural world is surpassing sweet, grand, and glorious, and the humblest and poorest have a place in the palace of its great orchestra without anything to pay!

In the battle of Gettysburg, when shot and shell had shivered the hills around, and made heavy concussions through the air, there was almost an unaccountable lull in the storm of fiery hail, and for a moment silence prevailed, when lighted upon a small branch extending over the fighting line, a bird warbled what seemed to the men engaged in the war its sweetest song, and the historian tells us tears started from many eyes. So in the bivouac of our daily conflict with sorrow and sin, there have been the notes of some song—perhaps the song of the falling autumn leaves, telling of the grave—perhaps the song of a new spring dawn telling of resurrection—perhaps a mother's song—perhaps a dying song—perhaps a heavenly song which escaped through the gates as a saint passed in—all calling us to peace.

## THERE ARE THE SONGS OF THE WORLD.

**A**LL ages have bowed, wept, and smiled 'neath the torrents of composition which have poured forth from the impassioned soul of musical talent, compositions that have swept through lands, crossed waters, echoed in domes, vibrated in towers, and tapped belfries, stirring and swaying millions.

I say all music is grand and beautiful. It all finds its origin in the instrument of love in God's own bosom, and if not perverted by evil use, would lead up to righteousness and beaten.

But the one complaint we have to make of all this music of the world is, it does not get germ within it which makes it to remain with us a live power. Too often when its cheering and lifting element is needed most, we find it gone, both beyond our reach and calling, and even sometimes are we left theudder for its memory.

The dance music, to which the feet, in excited whirl, have stepped till early morn, the ring of the concert which for a passing hour has held the spirit enchained and enchanted, and the merry song of the opera which may fascinate for a night, is all too soon drawn down in the ratrace of life's stern battle-wheel.

The musical talents of France was represented in that mighty concourse which gathered at Paris to do honor to the pride of their country, Rossini, who contributed to the musical world that treasured composition entitled, "William Tell." The musicians, inspired by the object of the occasion, played the famous selection as perhaps never before or since, and in the hour of triumph, when skill would have crowned skill, all looked for the flush of pride upon the cheek of the great composer; but Rossini wept, and throwing out his hands towards his friends, said: "All, all this would I give for a few days of the past, and peace!"

But not so with Redemption's Song! The song of which I write—the song of which my verse speaks, "The Song of the City"—The New Song;—the Bible tells us no man can learn it but the redeemer. At the great tribunal it will be too late. There will be no catching the key-note, no getting into the swing, no finding our place in the harmony, no keeping the time, no learning it, no singing it, no crowning by it, but for the redeemed!

I see, therefore, this song is Redemption's Song—the song of Righteousness, Truth, Love, and Praise, and as all music is derived from seven notes, so all

the harmonies found in Christianity can be taken from the seven letters of that word with which the saint shall overcome the world.

I see that it is from that Redemption's Song that we get the key-note for all our Christian singing the world round. This song gives the right pitch for the penitent's hymn, lifting millions from darkness to light; for the sufferer's wail, cooling the burning pillow; for the hermit's hut, putting a light in the window that shines from a lubricant that will never burn out; that gives the dying the note for the resurrection anthem when they step the valley.

I have heard of people starting to write the history of religious songs. I think it is a very beautiful idea, but how can they do it? All the triumphs of the church are in them, all the joys of the penitents, all the patience of the cross-bearers, all the love of the saints, all the persecution suffered, tears dropped, hardships borne, battles won: all the peace, and joy, and clapping of hands. Who could write the history of Christian songs? Let me just mention one: "Rock of Ages." Could any pen tell its full story and bring in a final chapter? What traveler has graced as many homesteads, learned as many languages, tapped as many hearts, and been more welcome in King's palace or hermit's hutch than "Rock of Ages"?

Let all the libraries of the world throw open their doors and march out the long procession of literature of all ages—the late books, and the old books, with their brown edges, Roman type, and brass binges; those that lived the longest are near the front, but I see marching ahead is

## "Rock of Ages."

Well, but you say, look at all these books! Look at the pyramid they lift.

Books on theology, books on anatomy, books on science, books on art, books on astronomy; look at all these novels, some with fifteen and twenty editions; some written in so many different languages and dialects! Look at the height to which this huge pile lifts its head.

Still, I climb up a ladder, not of fancy, or even faith, but fact, and place on the pinnae "Rock of Ages." Do you know why? History tells us that only two books have traveled as far as this one song—one the Bible, the other "Pilgrim's Progress."

*Rock of Ages, left for me,  
Let me abide in Thee;  
Lift up thy gates, and the blood  
From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of tin the double cure,  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.*

The song for the young, and the song for the aged, for the pauper and for the prince.

When Prince Consort was dying he asked that this song should be repeated to him again and again, saying, "If I had only my worldly honors and dignities to depend upon in this hour I should indeed be poor."

The unfortunate Armenians who were butchered a little time back in Constantinople crowded together in a church previous to the massacre, and through the dark midnight hours sang it.

When the "London" went down, the last voice heard as the doomed vessel sank beneath the waves was singing "Let me hide myself in Thee."

In one of the South African engagements an ambulance officer just reached a dying soldier in time to hear him say, as the blood gushed from temple and mouth, "Save from wrath and make me pure."

A very well-dressed gentleman asked a small boy, whose feet, and arms, and neck were bare, what piece of paper was that he was so carefully folding upon the kerchief. The ragged lad, holding up the soiled pamphlet which held the words of this immortal song, to the caquiler said, "Give it back, sir; mother wants it to die on."

One song upon the great truth of which tens of thousands have lived, and tens of thousands have died! No angel's pen could write thy full story which has for thy origin Redemption's Song.

## PENITENCE THE KEY-NOTE.

LEARN that the key-note to this new song is the plea of the penitent. No cry arresting quicker the ear of God than that of the penitent. 'Midst the discord and din of Calvary, the stone-pelt and blood-drop, Christ heard the dying thief ask for pardon.

Since that hour, from the darkness of a felon's cell—from the streets of want and woe—from earth's most wretched, most destitute, most forsaken places, where hearts have ached the most, and souls have lost the most of virtue, of innocence, of hope, men and devils, and angels have proved He has heard the penitent's plea.

(Continued on page 12).

# Cleanings from Our Great Harvest Field.

## A Lively Open-Air.

Barre—Montpelier is the capital of the State, and only a few miles from Barre. We go down to this place on Friday nights to hold meetings on the main street, but on Friday night seemed to be very special. Rev. Mr. Sam Smart never expected to see the Salvation Army, and the patient medicine doctor never dreamed of the Salvation Army being there, but nevertheless it was a fact—we were all there. You could hear Captain Blass, with guitar accompaniment, singing—"We don't want to die in the storm," and we did not die in the storm. The comrades all felt like fighting, and we stood to our guns and poured out the gospel truth. Secretary Hall led a few testimonies, Sergeant Perkins pleaded with the people to turn to God, and Treasurer Munro told how God had saved him from a life of sin. It was a remarkable meeting, and after the offering, we put down the dues, and asked the people to give us a good collection, when two gentlemen volunteered to act as our collectors. These gentlemen were citizens of the town, and did this with pleasure, bringing us \$25. God bless them. We closed our meeting with one poor fellow asking us to pray for him—One who was there.

## Two Soldiers Enrolled.

Bismarck.—We have just had a visit from Ensign Mercer. The Ensign brought his gramophone, which proved to be one of the best ever heard here. All were well pleased. The open-air meetings were good; we had large crowds and good collections. Captain Forberg has been with us for a month, and we all like him very much. God bless him. Two soldiers have been enrolled since last report, and are doing nicely.—Theodore.

## A Long Distance.

Calgary—God has been blessing us and crowning our efforts with success. Slaves are coming home every week. We had a glorious time on Friday night, when four souls knelt at the feet of Jesus. We have the S.S. Ethie's crowd with us every Fri. night. Our people are interested in the meetings, and after curing fish and making hay all day, some of them come a long distance to get their souls blessed. We are in for great victories, by the grace of God.—Slater Sainsbury. Captain.

## Five Geek Christ.

Collingwood—I have just arrived after a two-week's furlough. Found the captain and soldiers in good spirits and having glorious times. We have welcomed to our corps Brother Stayton, from England, who is a real blood-and-fire Salvationist. On Sunday we had with us Brother and Sister Miller from Bracebridge. It was a beautiful day. God came near, and blessed His people, and we had the joy of seeing five precious souls seeking Christ. Praise God!—Lieut. Porter.

## At Silver Island.

Fort William.—On Sunday evening we had a good meeting; one soul gave his heart to God, and one more came on Tuesday. Praise God! We are trusting in Him for greater victories. On the 21st Ensign and Mrs. Steiger came to us, which was a "fix social." On the 27th the Fort Arthur and Fort William Corps united and had a delightful excursion to Silver Island, on the St. Lawrence River, owned by Captain Maloney, of the Fort Arthur corps. The weather was beautiful, and we all enjoyed ourselves immensely. We thank God for the victories which He gives to us, and we mean to be faithful in return.—"Hark!"

## Twenty-seven Souls.

Gambie—We have had a visit from Mr. Brigadier Smeeton and his little son, Herbert. They spent a week with us, and I assure you we enjoyed their visit very much. Mrs. Smeeton led the meetings on Sunday; two souls sought the blessing of holiness, and seven came for pardon at night, a total of twenty-seven since last report. Her-

bert Smeeton sang in two of the meetings, and the people were delighted with him. He is only three and a half years old. We all invite Mrs. Smeeton this way again. Our motto is still "Onward!"—D. Weston, Captain.

## An Eventful Week.

Halifax L.—The past week has been a blessed one to our souls. We had a good day on Sunday, with six souls at the cross. The finances were also very good. The Adjutant has not been here very long, but is doing well. The united soldiers' meeting, conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, was a time of much blessing and inspiration. Fourteen reconsecrated themselves to God and His work. Last, but by no means least, was the great hallo-hallo wedding held in No. 1 barracks, on Thursday night. The conducting partners were Ensign Spearing and Sister Susie McDonald, of this corps. They were assisted by Cadet New and Sister Mary Kirby. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Brigadier, who has gained quite a reputation in this city in the performances of marriages. Of course the bride and bridegroom were happy. May the Lord abundantly bless Mr. and Mrs. Bootle temporally and spiritually, and

lay upon the hearts of the people, and one soul cried for mercy. Others were wounded, but would not yield. We are in for victory.—J. W. J. E.

## The Musical Family.

Lisgar Street.—On Saturday and Sunday the Ibbotson Family were with us. We had grand times, good collections, large crowds, and, best of all, five souls—two young men and three little girls. Praise God forever. We are pressing forward at Lisgar Street. The soldiers' meetings are full of power, and there is a good spirit in all the meetings, for which we thank God.—Mrs. Stickells.

## An Army in Himself.

Helena—Here we are at the beautiful city of Helena, the capital of Montana State. She stands openly in this place, and it is a most heartening sight to see the dance-hall abuzz and young girls dancing their way to hell. We are trying to help them. Since coming here we have seen three souls at the cross. One sister is going to be enrolled next Sunday, to fight for God beneath the yellow, red and blue. On Sunday we dispensed with our afternoon meeting to hold a burial service. As we stood

assist in furnishing the quarters more comfortably.—M. K.

## Off to the Klondike.

Missoula.—Officers' and comrades' prayers are being answered, and souls are being saved. On Monday night one precious soul deserted the ranks of sin and accepted Christ as his personal Saviour. On Tuesday night we had with us Adjutant Ayre, our Adjutant. We gave him a hearty reception, and are always glad to have him in our midst. On Thursday night we had an ice cream social. The hall was well filled, and all enjoyed it. The net proceeds of the evening were twenty-five dollars. On Friday night Captain Quast, who had been in charge for a short time, said farewell for the Klondike. We were all sorry to lose her. Captain Gandy is in charge now. It is very hard for us, as we have but few soldiers, and we are praying and believing that an assistant will be sent in the near future.—J. H. F. R.C.

## Two Prisoners Captured.

Montreal L.—The past week has been one of blessing and victory. Although our officers are away on furlough, we do not feel like settling down and taking it easy. On Sunday our open-air meetings were largely attended and at night a good crowd gathered with rapt attention to Mrs. Major Turner's address on Rev. 22, 12. On Monday night we were led on by our venerable Sergeant M. Ellis, assisted by his brave soldiers. We held the fort against the advancing enemy, and after a hot and heavy engagement returned to camp with two prisoners captured for our King. May our hands ever be strong for the good work of the Kingdom.—A. One.

## Thirteen Souls—Grand Musicals.

Neepawa—God is truly blessing us here. On Sunday night we had a full house. God came in power, and one soul sought salvation. Thirty were present at the soldiers' meeting, and the old-time religion was felt. On Thursday night a grand musical was highly appreciated by a full house. Since our new officers came thirteen souls have been saved. We give God the glory.—One Who Is.

## The Desert Shall Rejoice.

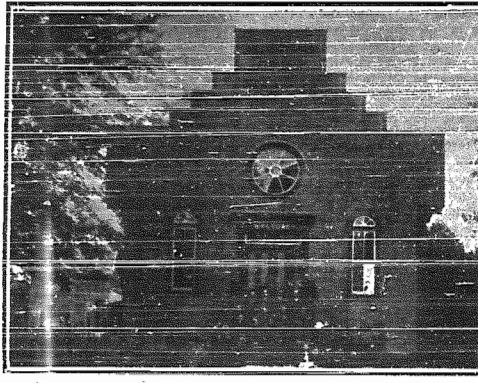
Norin Bay.—We are proving day by day that God can move the hardest hearts. After a long season of faith and prayer, and holding on to God by the faithful few, the revival has broken out and souls are being saved and kept by the power of God. God saved one on Saturday night, and after a hard day's fight yesterday He set His seal on our efforts by saving and setting free five precious souls. Our open-air are times of power. Surely God is verifying His promise in this place, where He says, "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." This is only the droppings. The showers are coming later.—J. P. for Capt. Meader.

## A Load of Specials.

Port Hope.—We had a visit from Capt. and Mrs. Moore, also Capt. and Mrs. Fudge and a load of Coburg braves, and Capt. Littlefield from Millbrook. The people gave us a very good collection, and we had a good time. We are believing for greater victories.—East Boy.

## Old Comrades' Welcome Home.

Seaford—We have had the privilege of seeing some of our old comrade-soldiers this summer, who have been working for years in the front of the battle. One of these was Ensign John Hindmarsh of Montreal, whom we were pleased to have with us for Sunday's meetings. He assisted nobly with his singing and banjo, also at our Junior demonstration on Wednesday night, which turned out very successful. If you ever have the privilege of meeting the Ensign just ask him to sing you the song about getting away down in the fountain to have a drink.—C. A.



S.A. Barracks, Wallaceburg, Ont.

may they in the future follow the Lord more acceptably than ever.—Ties. Cabin.

## The Adjutant Farewells.

Hamilton, Ber.—Brother Spearing said farewell to us a week ago for the Training Home. He was a faithful soldier in this corps, and we pray that God will keep him true to the vows he has made. Adjutant Graham has also said farewell to us, after sixteen months' labor here. We have all learnt to love her. Her true, devoted, straightforward life, and her talents have been of great blessing. The comrades spoke in the night meeting of blessing the Adjutant has been to them personally. We regret her farewell, but we know that in some other part of the world she will be made stronger to lead others on to victory. God bless her. Sister Lighthorne also said farewell to us for the Training Home. She has been a true soldier of this corps, and we pray that God will keep her going on until the perfect day.—A soldier.

## Times of Refreshing.

Harbor Grace—God is bringing us in this part of the battle field. Sunday was a blessed time to our soul. Twelve of the comrades met in the morning at seven o'clock to ask God's blessing on the meetings of the day. He came and filled us with His Spirit. The afternoon's open-air and inside meetings were times of refreshment from the presence of the Lord, but the night meeting was the crowning time. The Holy Ghost worked might-

around the coffin, the Adjutant seized the opportunity of warning and pleading with the living to forsake their lives of sin and shame. It was a sad meeting. Oh, for consecrated men and women who will do and dare to help lost humanity. Adjutant Ayre, our worthy D. O., has paid us a visit. He is an army in himself, and the people thought something had happened when they heard his voice three blocks away. God bless him. We are here to fight and win in spite of the devil.—Lient. Lewis.

## The Helping Hand League.

Ingersoll.—One of the season's happiest events took place in the Ingersoll Army barracks on Monday night. An old-time jubilee and ice cream social was held under the auspices of our lately organized and flourishing league, known as "The League of the Helping Hand." A pleasantly warm evening and a large crowd united to bless the special go, which had been well prepared for by the officers and others in charge. Our loyal friend and helper, Lieutenant Gibson, was one of the speakers and delighted everybody with his unique and characteristic, infinite addressing. The officers, and others from Woodstock, also added interest to the gathering. Brother Scott's appeal for a collection was heartily responded to, making up the proceeds of the social to twenty-five dollars. The officers, Ensign and Mrs. Hoddington, were made joyous, not alone at the financial success of the effort, but also by the sympathy and interest of one and all. The proceeds go to

## THROUGH THE BUTTE DISTRICT.

I left the home ranch, Great Falls, on Monday, August 18th, at three p.m. on the Great Northern Flyer, for

The State Capital,

Helena, which was my first appointment in the Pacific Province some six years ago. I was met at the depot by Adj'tant Yered, who was an Adj'tant fifteen years ago, and is now in charge of Helena. This place has seen better days, both commercially and spiritually. At the present time our warfare is very hard. Still, the officers are in good spirits and doing their best for God and the advancement of His Kingdom. One great difficulty with our work in the West at this time of the year is that most of our people go away in the country, and the officers have to stand almost alone. We had a good, stirring open-air and a fairly good meeting inside, but no one yielded to the claims of Jehovah. Thank God for some old relatives who stand by the flag. In the morning I left for

The Garden City,

Missoula. Capt. Quart was at the depot to meet me. Capt. Galt was preparing dinner when we arrived at the quarters about 2:15 p.m. We also met Capt. Wilcox, who has just returned from Dawson City. After dinner and a little chat regarding the S.A. was both in this city and in the Yukon, we attended to our official duties. I shall not forget my last visit to Missoula some three years ago. My old friend Adj't Hay was there resting, and in the afternoon he kindly invited me to his tent. Jumbo. Now, to those who do not know what Jumbo is, I would say it is a high mountain bearing the shape of an elephant. For the next few days I can assure you the muscles of my limbs were very much out of order. I did not climb Jumbo this time—oh, no! I also met an old pupil of mine, Capt. Kenney. I am believing he will soon be at the battle front again. We had a good rousing open-air here, and quite a crowd gathered around. We had a fair crowd inside, and managed to keep the people wide awake. The D.O. had a new name given him—the "Volcano." A good spirit permeated the meeting. Condition was manifest, but none would surrender. I had to leave at ten-thirty p.m. for my next appointment—Butte. Who has not heard of this

Great Mining Camp,

the wonder of the West? This is also an old battleground of mine; in fact, twice I have been on deck there. I arrived about four a.m., and an old convert of mine when stationed here some five and one-half years ago, met me at the depot. This was not the first act of Donald towards us. He had met us before on our second appointment to Butte, arriving at one-thirty a.m. On arriving at the quarters, Cadet Madison was up and had a little refreshment ready for the early visitors. Capt. Hurst was away with his Treasurer, a noble woman, collector for H.E. Sister Mrs. Rundie was the Cadet's companion. After a few hours' rest we commenced our duties. My old reliable Sergt.-Major called to see me, as he was on night shift, and would not be able to get to the meeting. God bless the Sergt.-Major Pearce! Our forces in the open-air at night were small on account of many working overtime. A good crowd gathered around us. The D.O. I suppose by his out-of-the-rut style, standing on a chair with cap and coat off, attracted a few of the more intelligent ones to come and see what was up. A great crowd assembled inside (in my mind the best we have had for some time in Butte). Mother Thomas still keeps well to the front in aggressiveness. After a hard-fought battle we could not count on any surrenders. We had several hours at our disposal before leaving for our next appointment—Dillon. I saw many improvements in Butte, but still sin is rampant as ever. I left at four-thirty p.m. for

Dillon,

arriving in time for the open-air. Capt. Stevens and Cadet Rickard have a hard fight here in every way. God

ARE YOU GOING TO SEE AND HEAR

# THE GENERAL?

PAGE 15 WILL TELL YOU PLACES AND DATES.

bless them! We had a large crowd in the open-air, and the stentorian voice of the visitor brought the bartenders and barbers to their doors. We marched away to our little hall, but none followed. The barracks is too much out of the way for the crowd to come, but I understand it is the best we can get at the present time. We did our best to cheer courage up. We had the hard struggle for victory. We should have left at midnight, but the train was two and one-half hours late, arriving in Butte about five a.m. After a little rest and some refreshments we leave the smoky city for

The Smelter City,

Great Falls, arriving about four p.m. My dear wife was at the depot, anxiously waiting for me, as she had been holding the fort almost single-handed. Nearly all of our comrades are away in the country. We were alone for our meeting this night, but we had a good time, one soul and three dollars offering.—Mark Ayre.



### G.B.M. Notes.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

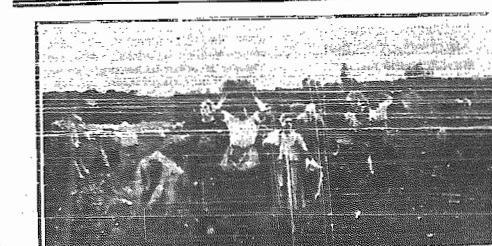
By ENSIGN WM. WHITE.

I am still on the warpath, and have visited several places since last report. At St. Cathar'ns Capt. and Mrs. Rock hold the fort. They are getting on fairly well. The lantern service, "Along the Liverpool," was enjoyed by those present, but the crowd was small. The local agents take an interest in their work, and the hex returns were very good.

Mitchell came next. Mrs. Timms very kindly arranged for the meeting here, and also looked well after my temporal needs. May God bless our comrade in this place.

Clinton is an old battleground of mine. I was glad to meet old comrades, shake their hands and tell them once again God-speed in the war. The lantern service was very well attended, and a good income was realized. Capt. Homan was with Lt. Lieutenant, but God is blessing him, and will stand by him. Mrs. Clark is the local agent, and Mether Agnew looked after my temporal needs.

At Goderich I found Captain and Mrs. Gay, who have just taken command of the Corps. They already have a good hold upon the people, and some souls have been saved. The lantern service was a very good success. Mother Smith, the local agent, has still an interest in her work, and with her assistant, is pushing the G.B.M. boxes.



Recall of the Gleaners.

This is a slight improvement. Mr. Cumberland was the leading box holder, his box containing \$1.42. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

Cobourg.

We cannot help but admire the brave work that is being done here by Miss A. Hornback, one of our new Agents. Her returns came promptly to hand, with an increase of \$1.01. This Agent has an eye to business. May God continue to bless her!

Trenton.

An eminent G.B.M. Agent is Mrs. Quackenbush. We highly appreciate the continued toll and interest of this energetic Local Agent. Trenton in the past year, under the supervision of Mrs. Quackenbush, has made some good improvements. That goes for quarterly. The second year dollar, etc., to \$6.89. (and losses such before!) The box at the C.O.R. depot had the best collection, \$1.28. Mr. J. Sharpe, druggist, came second with \$1.20.

Campbellford.

"Once the Lord is still with us." A man once prayed, "O Lord, I thank Thee that I have enjoyed Thy presence on the water, in the water and under the water." An explanation was asked, and the sailor explained: "I was once on a voyage and I found God on the sea. I was wrecked and He was my friend in the water; and I became a diver and had His presence with me under the water." Faith never goes home with an empty basket. Faith and works combined must bring the victory. Our young Corps-Cadet and G.M. Agent, Beatrice Marshall, is by no means laboring without a hope, the baskets are being filled, and the Lord is with her, about the average being the result for September quarter.

Deseronto.

Another new G.B.M. Agent takes up the work here. Though Miss Rosamond Presley is not a soldier of the Army, she is a firm believer in Social Work, and takes pleasure in doing her best to try and secure funds to push on this work. Deseronto reaches a mark this quarter that has not been surpassed for years. Miss Presley has done well by making an advance of \$2.59 on last quarter.

Picton.

There was not a cloud on the smiling face of Brother Isley, our Local Agent for Picton. A number of our new glass boxes were placed in prominent business places, and the results have been good, a total of \$6.72 being collected. The Royal Hotel box had the largest collection, \$1.25.

Napanee.

The returns exceeded last quarter by a small amount, but there exists a feeling that we must do much more here. Mrs. Ilays' ambition runs high in the way of trying to secure a number of new box holders.

Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. May God bless every G.B.M. Agent!

Bright Testimonies.

Saskirk—Revival fire still burns, and is made manifest in the glorious fact that five souls sought and found Christ during the last week. Glory be to God! They all seem to be real road敞ers, and give bright and certain testimonies of the work that is done in their souls. Hallelujah! We are believing for greater victories in the future, holding God to His Word.—W. J. M. for Capt. G. W.

Good Tent Meetings.

Spokane.—In spite of the many attractions, we are having good times. The interest is good. Crowds attend our open-air and drink in the truth. Our tent meetings are very well attended. God's Spirit is taking hold of the hearts of the people, and souls are seeking salvation every week. We have started the straw band, with Bro. L. Whalen in charge, and the brass band is doing nicely under the management of Bandmaster Frost. Everything seems to be pointing in the right direction for a good work to be done.—Sunlight.

# The Song of the City.

(Continued from page 9.)

Here is a man; for forty years his life has been a wreck; full of guilt and baseness. You say, as you look at his shining countenance, what blotted out that record of sin and shame? He answers, "The penitent's cry!"

Here is a girl, She was solely tempted and she fell. Devil designed when the crew came, her heart to break and her soul was almost gone. As you look upon the ripples playing o'er her features, you ask with much surprise, what carried that burden, and put back that star-like-ness into the eyes, and put the merry into the lips; the angels will take it upon themselves to answer, and cry, "The penitent's tear."

Here is a professed Christian; I mean he called himself a Christian for fifteen years, but he had dark, hidden sins underneath, sins of a deeply stained sinner, and his conscience never left off lashings him. You ask, what took the sting out of that consciousness, and put in happiness which rivalled all the poor fading joys of this world—the answer is, "The penitent's peace."

Here is a heckler—she the sadness of all sinners. You ask what forgave those many falls, what rebuilt the wastes, and covered the terrible defeats of that poor soul, giving a triumph which shook the pillars of unbelief in ten thousand hearts—the answer comes as with Samson, "The penitent's prayer." Do you remember Samson? I fancy I can see him—short of his strength, bereft of his sight, hopeless, despairing, led out by a boy to add to the sport of the great Philistine fete day. With a trembling heart he is brought to the pillars of the great temple, amidst the ribald shouts and contumacious laughter caused by the changed appearance of their distinguished foe. Old memories stir and speak of the unchanging ability of the love of God, and with the breaking of a penitent's heart, he lifts his eyeless sockets to the open heavens, and by that eye of faith by which the seeker can always find the face of his God, cries, "Just this once, O Lord, just this once," and the victory of his death was greater than the victory of his life.

Ah, this is the way to strength, to happiness, to goodness! This is the way, the only way to become a child of God. This is the first gate to the road that leads to heaven, and the last to be opened by the key of the penitent.

What about my work?" says somebody. I sing in the choir, I give to the poor, I do a great many things that are good and right. Trust not to the labor of your hands, the Bible says, but do those works which are meet for recompence."

Do you know how many "Comes" there are in the Bible? Six hundred and forty-two, and everyone is written in reply to the seeking pitea of a penitent's heart.

## THE NOTE OF FORGIVENESS.

THE second note in this Redemption's Song, is the song of the forgiven.

In every song there are those stanzas that we like the best. The part that I consider the prettiest and sweetest in the new song is that which strikes the chord Redeemed. David thought the same when he struck his harp and composed that chorus, "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." One of the provisions that God made for dealing with sin was to forgive it. Sin came sweeping as a death tide through the world, blighting hopes, wrecking homes, breaking hearts, killing the children, filling the prisons, crowding the lunatic asylums. Sin—no power greater outside of heaven! No sting keener outside of hell. Is there no arm strong enough to turn the tide? Yes! the spike-torn arm of Calvary! Is there no strength strong enough to bring deliverance? Yes!

The strength round in the love of a crucified Lord, when a whole world's agony combined into one thunderbolt shot through His heart. He cried, "Father, forgive them!"

To cover your sin is no good—actions of thousands have proved this. The spade of the great digger will dig it up. To do it is equally useless. God's Word keeps the account. To forget it—yes, you may do so—many do, but God never forgets. There is nothing for you to do but to bring it to Jesus and get it forgiven. Don't try to comfort yourself by saying you are not so bad as somebody else. This will be poor, poor comfort when you stand with your feet in the wet gravel of the tomb.

From certain part of a particular mountain in Switzerland any sentence you may speak will be echoed distinctly fifteen times.

From Golgotha hill this cry, "Forgive them, Father," has been echoed in every place where there is the tomb of a human soul.

## VICTORY IN DEATH.

THE Redemption's Song is the song of victory over death.

Death is that omnipotent hour when the greatest need of all life sets in—that valley which all must tread, which needs a light more than all the shady places of time. Those dark gates through which every soul must pass, when a greater want than every want of your life combined sets in to have someone to go with you. When the strong get there, their strength is gone, and they are weak. When the great get there, their greatness is gone, and they are small. When the rich get there, their riches are gone, and they are poor.

One great hour, filled with farewells. Treasures no matter how sweet on earth, cannot find their sweethearts then. Wealth no matter how prized in life, cannot be bought with money now. Friends, even all you have to say to them is good-bye; they cannot come one step further now. The baw of an everlasting day is on the brow; the pressure of an endless eternity impedes the pulse. The dimness of approaching night rests on the eye. An ice river chills the flesh. The heart but throbs the death-knell—all's over—all's gone! The day is closed, the sun is down—down behind the hills. Face too pale for color, lips too stiff to speak, hands too heavy to raise, limbs too rigid to move, eyes too blind to see—all gone, it is death—death!

Children left, wife left, business left, street left, city left, all for the grave! Is there anything can take away the sting of death? Nothing can give victory over the grave, except shout from the millions who have Jordan passed, cry, "Jesus, ten thousand times yes!"

We have all listened to the final chords, concluding grand selections, how each surpasses each in strength, in power, in beauty, until the whole being vibrates with responsive harmony. So in this Redemption's Song, its completion is only reached when earth's damp hand is drag off the soul's encumbering wrappings, and faith finds its consummation in sight.

John Huss told his friend, whose spirit was lacerated with anticipation of the martyr's sufferings, to watch him carefully when he would be at the stake, promising to give him some sign if he found the torturing death was worse than his natural flesh and blood expected. When the time drew near for the faggots to be lit round about the martyr, he was seen in the fire of his friend, with protruding eyes and drawn features, depicting the anguish of mind through which he was passing, could be seen pressing to the front of the crowd of spectators which gathered to see how the martyr could die. To the surprise of all, John Huss lifted his right arm, all asano, then the left arm, up' which the fiery tongues were creeping, then clapping his hands, shouted to his life-long companion in the crowd, "Friend, tell the world, even in the fire, it is all right with Jesus."

Toplady, the composer of "Book of Ages" in his dying moments cried, "Light." The last instant of breathing, with uplifted hands exclaimed, "Light, Light!" and the gates of the city of God, where the sun never sets, closed behind him.

As the lamp God hangs in the midnight sky casts its silvery rays on the lakes, and rivers, and seas, so for the saint the waves of Jordan shall be lit with the down-flashing of the glory to come.

Your dying day is coming. Life will soon be lived; its opportunities soon

passed, its chances soon gone. Death will soon ask your hand. Have you learnt Redemption's Song, that you may join in the chorus of the redeemed?

## THE NOTE OF TRIUMPH.

ASTLY, Redemption's Song is the song of the glorified.

Some of us cannot sing very well down here. We never have been able to. Some of us who used to sing well have lost our voices; but, oh, how we shall sing when we join in the new song with those who are redeemed.

The beauty of a great orchestra is composed by its different parts. So it will be in the great orchestra of heaven. The heavy basses will roll in and, tolling of battles fought, the war waged, Joshua crossed.

The seconds will come sweeping in of trials born in wiped, griefs carried in the tenors strike out our sin. Ho! transgressions carried, our children. He blessed. The soprano come in with, He loved us. He took care of us, He kept us!

"He gave us joy where once was woe, He healed our souls and bade us go, Our bondage never more to know."

Then the bass peal, and all the hosts of heaven, with all the children before the throne, come in with the chorus—

"Twas Jesus, 'twas Jesus, 'twas Jesus."

We shall sing how He came from heaven to a stable to find us. We shall sing how with stone-bruised feet and storm-tossed body He died or Calvary to save us.

We shall sing how, in resurrection power, He opened heaven's gate to receive us.

The Song of the City will be Jesus! I want to be quite sure that I know it, for I shall want to throw all the strength of an immortal voice into it when up from a myriad voices, and from a myriad harps, and from a myriad thrones, and from a myriad palaces there dashed up this stupendous outburst of song, this new song—Redemption's Song—the Song of the City.

Ah, do I hear somebody say:—

"If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last? sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan passed?"

## Specials of the Prisons.

Staff-Capt. Archibald conducted the Sunday services at the Central Prison on a recent Sunday afternoon, also the usual Sunday service at the Mercer Reformatory. The inmates of both these institutions paid the host attention, and expressed their appreciation of the singing, etc., in no uncertain sound. The officers are very kind at these institutions, and always render us all the assistance possible.

The Staff-Capt. was assisted Capt. J. Russell and W. Peacock, also C.C. Eva Simpson.

## Staff-Captain and Mrs. Stanton at Uxbridge.

What can be said of the visit of the Training Home Staff to Uxbridge? The week-end meetings were certainly all that could be desired. In addition to the Staff-Captains there were Capt. Trickley, Sister Mand Pease and Little Faith Stanton present. The officers in charge, Capt. Oke and Lieut. Courtmane, who are carrying on a good work in this place, were recently-commissioned Cadets, who looked eagerly forward to having a good time during their visit of their former principals. Large crowds attended both the open-air and inside meetings. \$12 was the income, and two young ladies came out crying for pardon on Sunday night. A pressing invitation was given for them to come again—?

Our Norwegian comrades who attended the General's meetings and councils in Christiania had afterwards a very nice tea, at which was present the General, Colonels Lawley and Paulsen, Brigadier Mapp, and Major Cox.

## The First Harvest

### Thanksgiving

By STAFF-CAPT. F. MORRIS.

LIVING to the work of God should be counted one of the greatest joys that He has given to His people. Right through His Word we learn how God has ever blessed those who sacrificed unto Him their choicest gifts.

The story of Abel in giving the firstlings of his flock, in the fourth chapter of Genesis, sets before us an example that all may well follow while the selfishness displayed in offering of Cain shows us too clearly how God despises those

Things Which Do Not Cost Us Any thing.

In this matter of giving there are Abrahams and Cains just as truly in the day as there were four thousand years before Christ. The man who emptied his gold sack into the collection plate of our little band on the streets of Dawson City, in far-off Klondike, and still whined he had more to give, shared at least a mile of the spirit in which we should offer our treasures to God.

Paul knew well what the truth of those words meant which he addressed to the elders of Ephesus when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." If, as Salvation Army soldiers, as Christians, we would do a little less asking and do more giving, give to the utmost of our ability, it would undoubtedly make unto the Lord we may be quite certain that God would not be slow in granting to us blessings in return. "God loveth a cheerful giver." —*2 Cor. 9:7.*

Now one has a better opportunity than officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army of meeting with persons of moderate means, and seeing daily exemplified some of the most useful gifts of spirits who would give themselves if by so doing it would advance the Kingdom of Christ.

I remember well, while out collecting for Harvest Festival, coming across a man away from home and friends, with a scarcity of food and less than one dollar in his possession, who, when approached on the subject of Harvest Festival, ran at once to a small but hot meal of any comfort, ~~and~~ forth

A Well-Worn Purse and took from the few silver pieces it contained the amount of fifteen cents. An expression in his face told me plainly that he was already paid abundantly for the sacrifice he had made.

But alas! alas! while thousands such hearts do the world over, caring little for view, name and agnia like the ones in the desert, there are multitudes like Cain of old, who, trying to pass off on God things that are of little value. No better illustration of this can be found than by gazing in the Salvation Army or other collecting plates, where coins can be found many of which are extremely questionable. Copper plays no small part in offerings. In the far West, where the latter are of little service, they are given more or less freely, and form another example of the ungrateful way some people treat God for all His goodness. How such conduct must displease Him. How utterly depraved we must be to prefer anything but the best to the One who has redeemed us, the One who shows down upon us such a multitude of blessings every moment of our lives. And yet we give in return for all this oftentimes the worst.

Then again, what a task it is often to be the treasurer to either in the Lord's money! There are duties to be sure, like tithes. And why should it be so? There is no reason why men and women should not give to the furtherance of the Kingdom a tenth part of what God has so graciously given them. By so doing the individual would be blessed and the work of God would not suffice to such a great extent for the want of funds.

What is your name, dear reader? Is it like unto Abel, whom God greatly loved for his unselfish life, which is shown in the giving of the best stones found in the giving of Cain, whose small and insignificant gifts were unacceptable to God?—*2 Cor. 9:7.*

## Fancy and Fact.

In the quarters sat the Captain alone; he had barely been in charge of his corps one month. Since the time, however, that he had assumed command God had graciously honored his labors, many sinners had been swept into the fold of life, and, too, the congregations at the barracks had increased not a little. There were other signs of progress besides that which should have gone to make glad the heart of the Captain; but as he sat shut in that small room with his thoughts, he was much depressed and put his usual self, accounted for by the fact that Bro. Coldwater had paid him a visit just fifteen minutes before.

Now, in many ways Bro. Coldwater was not a bad sort of a chap; there was gold to be found in his nature somewhere, if you could only get at it—he had been a soldier for the last fifteen years and was a good soldier; but he was steadily hard to move and never did things just in the right way. At any rate, you could always be quite certain he would always be against the introduction of anything new, or, in a word, anything at all which meant extra expenditure of strength. It was desperately hard for him to see through schemes of any kind. This Bro. Coldwater had his own set ideas about things, and it would have taken

**The Strength of a Hercules.**  
to move him from the position he took in regard to various matters which affected the corps from time to time.

The Captain had, just a short time previous to the arrival of Bro. Coldwater, received a letter from the Provincial Officer, which read as follows:

"Dear Captain,—

"Harvest Festival, as you will be aware, is drawing very near, and I am now writing to say that after very careful consideration, we think that it will not be out of the way to place your corps target at \$100—which is a couple of dollars in advance of the amount raised by your corps last year.

"Now, dear Captain, we fully appreciate the extra toll the passing forward of this scheme will necessitate on your part, also on the part of the soldiers of your corps, but I have reason to believe that the latter are proper blood-and-fire Salvationists, and will help you to the utmost of their ability to raise funds, so that the Gospel chariot may roll along faster than ever."

The Commissioner and myself are fully relying upon you, and I know you will come out with flying colors.

"May God bless you very richly.  
(Signed:) J. P. Bushnell,  
Provincial Officer."

"Yes," the Captain said to himself, "I will certainly do my best. It will be quite a struggle, but I have no fear but what we shall come out all right. Let me see, now."

He was just forming some plan in his mind when a knock came at the door, and a moment later B. Coldwater stepped into the room.

"What's up?" said the Captain to Bro. Coldwater, as he shook him warmly by the hand. The former being full of enthusiasm just after reading his P. O.'s letter, began the conversation by saying: "I have received this (showing the envelope) by this post—when I read you an extract from it."

Save from

**A Sepulchral Grunt.**  
now and again from Bro. Coldwater during his reading (which, happily, the Captain did not hear), the silence was unbroken. Having finished the letter the Captain fixed his eyes on his visitor, expecting to hear a few words of encouragement. But no such thing happened, and he was dumbfounded by hearing Comrade Colli say:

"I'm afraid, Captain, there's not much chance for the Harvest Festival this year. The crops are heavy, to be sure, but the prices are consequently low; and then, for all the trouble there is to fetch the stuff from the farmers, there is little recompense. It may be

different in other places, where the people are more wealthy, but here"—and he cocked his head to one side assuming a most majestic air—"here, I say, it is no use. I am not one to discourage anything, but I would simply write back and say it can't be done. They, at Headquarters, don't understand things as we do here or there; they never expect this corps to raise an amount over one hundred dollars." Then, with a shrug of the shoulders, "I really would not waste your strength, dear Captain. Don't worry any more about the matter;" and with this Bro. Coldwater took his departure, and none too soon, for the Captain's ardor was beginning to feel woefully chilled, himself much depressed, and if he had not had an opportunity to collect the dying embers of his fiery enthusiasm Harvest Festival in that corps would certainly have been a decided failure.

Now, Bro. Brightside was not brilliant in any respect. He could, to be sure, sing a little, and play a concert of easy chords on the concertina, which latter accomplishment had helped the Captain out in many an opercular struggle. He could also give a good talk on salvation, seasoned with lots of good common sense, but

old-time zeal had returned. The voice of Bro. Brightside was as a spark to a powder magazine, and the whole corps took up the spirit of these two men, and as a result, H. F. at that corps was a great success.—Pry.

## A Terrible Catastrophe.

As the result of a landslide, supposed to have been due to seismic disturbances, some twenty villages were destroyed and nearly 700 persons were killed. On the northern slope of Mount Kasebeck lies the watering place of Tmenka. Early in the morning of August 17th, subterranean disturbances were noted at Tmenka. At seven o'clock that evening the entire valley, which had sprung, was situated was filled with a deafening noise resembling thunder, and loud underground rumblings were heard. The valley stream swelled to the dimensions of a mighty torrent, and, sweeping down, it carried with it huge blocks of rock and ice. The entire northern slope of Mount Kasebeck, with the glacier above, then began to move rapidly. Village after village were swept away, and everything in the path of the landslide was destroyed. Within a few minutes the valley, which is nearly twelve miles long, had been devastated by a wall of rock, ice, and earth. The valley was completely filled up in some places to a depth of nearly 1,000 feet by the matter which was hurled into it. A

## COMING EVENTS.

**COLONEL and MRS. JACOBS**  
Will visit Dundas, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 20, 21.

## T.H.Q. Specials.

**BRIGADIER AND MRS. GASKIN.**  
Galt, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 20, 21.

**BRIGADIER AND MRS. FRIEDRICH  
AND ENSIGN WHITTEKER.**  
Lippincott, Sunday, Sept. 21.

## MAJOR COLLIER

**STAFF-CAPT. ARCHIBALD.**  
Temple, Sun., Sept. 21.

## STAFF-CAPT. PAGE

**Will visit Peterboro, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 20, 21.**

## ADT. and MRS. MILLER

**Will visit Dovercourt, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 20, 21.**

## TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND,

Under the Direction of Brigadier Gas-

kin,  
**Will visit St. Catharines, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 27, 28.**

## T. H. Q. MUSICAL SEXTET.

Hamilton I. and II., Sept. 20, 21.

## ENSIGN EASTON.

Dovercourt, Sunday, Sept. 21.

## ENSIGN ARNOLD.

Brockville, Sun., Sept. 21.

## CAPT. FREEMAN.

Esther St., Sunday, Sept. 21.

## Spiritual Specials.

**BRIGADIER PUGMIRE,**  
Assisted by Capt. Urquhart,  
Ottawa, Sept. 10 to Sept. 22; Montreal  
I., Sept. 24 to Oct. 6.

**STAFF-CAPT. BURDITT and STAFF-**  
**CAPT. MANTON**

**Will visit St. Thomas, Sept. 10 to Sept. 22.**

## East Ontario Province.

### THE HARMONIC REVIVALISTS

**Will visit Barre, Vt., Tues., Sept. 9 to 22; Burlington, Vt., Sept. 23 to Oct. 6; St. Albans, Vt., Oct. 7 to 13; Ft. S. Charles, Que., Oct. 14 to 27.**

## STAFF-CAPT. CREIGHTON,

The Chancellor,

**Will visit Kingston, Saturday, Sunday, Sept. 20, 21; Newmarket, Mon., Sept. 22; Aurora, Tues., Sept. 23; Brockville, Wed., Sept. 24; Ogdensburg, Thurs., Sept. 25; Prescott, Fri., Sept. 26; Cornwall, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 27, 28.**

## Central Ontario Province.

### BRIGADIER PICKERING

**Will visit Riversdale, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 20, 21; Newmarket, Mon., Sept. 22; Aurora, Tues., Sept. 23; Dovercourt, Thurs., Sept. 25; Owen Sound, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 27, 28; Chesley, Mon., Sept. 29; Orangeville, Tues., Sept. 30; Esther St., Thurs., Oct. 2; Temple, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 4, 5.**

## STAFF-CAPT. CASS

**Will visit Esther St., Thurs., Sept. 18; Riverside, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 20, 21; Newmarket, Mon., Sept. 22; Aurora, Tues., Sept. 23; Invercourt, Thurs., Sept. 25; Brampton, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 27, 28; Orangeville, Tues., Sept. 29; Peterboro, Thurs., Oct. 21, 22; Tweed, Tues. and Wed., Oct. 23, 24.**

## East Ontario Province.

### MAJOR TURNER

**Will visit Barre, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 20, 21; St. Albans, Mon., Sept. 22; Montreal I., Thurs., Sept. 25; Peterboro, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 27, 28; Cornwall, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Oct. 4, 5, 6.**

# OUR HUSTLERS HONOR ROLL

**Brigadier Sharp an Aeronaut—R.A.A.**  
**Poor Currell—A New Star in the West!**—Central Ontario's Record-Breaker—Two Wonders—The New Cadets.

I suggest that Brigadier Sharp become an aeronaut right away. His previous record certainly entitles him to go far above the next one that he looks like a mere speck on the broad expanse of blue. One hundred and forty Hustlers is something to be proud of. How do you like being known, Brigadier?

Alas, poor Currell! No longer does she shine forth, a thing of beauty & a joy forever. Her light is out this week, at any rate. Oh, Lieutenant, how we miss you!

I have discovered a new star in the West. Please gaze in the direction of London, Ontario, on a clear starry night, and you will spy yourself. It's a beauty, and you will be able to pick it out, for it shines with a 275 lustre. I have called it the "Western Wonder," after Lieutenant West, a friend of mine.

By the way, the renowned Nigger nearly stepped on Araby's tail this week—just two inches short, that's all!

There are three things that distinguish the Central Ontario list this week—namely: (1) Saint John, the coming metropolis, reaches the 100 mark through Lieut. Crocker's efforts; (2) the worthy Cashier, Ensign French, did herself proud by disposing of 40 Crys on the streets of Orangeville during her special visit; (3) Lieut. Shoshokogozak (Indian, I presume, for Blue Sky, a thing I didn't know before) makes an appearance, and (4) Lieut. Currell's name is missing.

Lieut. Langley of Burlington and Lieut. Lowrie of the same place are doing well; 190 and 180 respectively is something to be proud of, I can tell you. Try and go over the 200 each, comrades.

Watch these lists for the new Cadet Hustlers. Nearly fifty of them, I hear. My, oh, my! ain't we going to have a time of it!

## Eastern Province.

### 140 Hustlers.

Lieut. Moore, Sydney	220
Lieut. Duncan, St. John I.	202
P. S.-M. Casbie, Halifax I.	167
Sergt. Irons, Windsor	152
Sergt. Lidstone, Glace Bay	132
P. S.-M. McQueen, Moncton	115
Capt. Hibbard, Halifax I.	125
Capt. Redmond, Somerton	125
Sergt. Vaisant, Charlottetown	129
Capt. Murrough, St. John V.	115
Capt. Taylor, Eastport	110
Capt. MacKie, Caraquet	110
Capt. Armstrong, Truro	110
Mrs. Adj. Dowell, Charlottetown	160
Ensign Carter, New Glasgow	90
Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen	90
Lieut. Cavendish, Moncton	90
Lieut. Thistle, Glace Bay	40
Lieut. Clark, St. John I.	85
Cand. McFadden, Yarmouth	85
Lieut. White, North Sydney	85
Capt. Prince, St. George's	75
Capt. Wyatt, Westville	75
Lieut. Grace, Westville	75
Lieut. Givins, Chatham	75
Cadet Stewart, St. John I.	75
Capt. Loring, North Sydney	75
Wm. Jennings, St. George's	70
Lieut. Gilliland, Amherst	70
Lieut. McDonald, Stanhope	65
Julis Lidstone, Glace Bay	60
Sergt. Reid, St. John I.	60
Mrs. Ann Carter, New Glasgow	60
Bru. Dunn, St. George's	60
Bru. Jennings, St. George's	60
Capt. Whales, Louisburg	57
Lieut. Fawcett, Whitney Pier	57
E. Fawcett, St. George's	55

Capt. March, Liverpool	55
Lieut. Weakley, Liverpool	55
Capt. Fawcett, Parrsboro	55
Lieut. MacLean, Stratford	55
Sergt. Waterman, Sydney	55
Cand. Hardwick, St. Stephen	55
Father Armstrong, St. John III	55
Ensign Bowering, Woodstock	55
Capt. Anderson, St. John II	55
Lieut. Copeland, St. John II	55
Capt. Lebas, Newcastle	55
Lieut. McKim, Kentville	55
Ensign Williams, Springhill	55
Lieut. Ogilvie, Springhill	55
Sergt. Beasley, Halifax II	55
Capt. Jones, Halifax II	55
M. S. Worth, Charlottetown	55
Capt. Laramore, Charlottetown	55
Lieut. Dalton, Bear River	55
Lieut. Debow, Fairville	55
Lieut. Ritchie, Yarmouth	55
Capt. Tiller, Sydney Mines	55
Capt. Eshay, Digby	55
Lieut. White, Digby	55
Lieut. Barnard, Truro	55
Mrs. James, Halifax II	55
Cadet Smith, Windsor	55
Capt. Netting, Windsor	55
Capt. Kirk, Dartmouth	55
Lieut. Nugent, Halifax IV	55
Capt. Harding, Sackville	55
Cadet Conrad, Sackville	55
W. Burgess, Halifax I	55
Sergt. McKay, Halifax II	55
E. Brewster, Halifax I	55
Lieut. Wood, Dartmouth	55
Capt. Cook, Yarmouth	55
Lieut. McKay, Yarmouth	55
Lieut. Elliott, Sydney Mines	55
Sergt. Deane, Dartmouth	55
Sergt. Burns, Somerton	55
Capt. McKenzie, New Glasgow	55
Bishop Munro, Fredericton	55
P. S. M. Jones, St. John III	55
Capt. Miller, Chatham	55
Sergt. Pitt, Springhill	55
Capt. Chandler, Canning	55
Cadet Chislett, Canning	55
Cand. Thompson, Charlottetown	55
Capt. McEacharn, Kentville	55
Sister Clark, Glace Bay	55
Script England, Chatham	55
C. B. Shop, Woodstock	55
Kirk All. Woodstock	55
Mrs. S. G. Forsey, Parrsboro	55
Mrs. S. G. All. II	55
J. Melina, Dominica	55
Maud Waterman, Dominica	55
Aggie Wilson, Dominica	55
Mrs. Frazer, Halifax I	55
Capt. Martin, Windsor	55
Capt. Linton, Whitemarsh Pier	55
Sydney Church, St. George's	55
Geo. Pearce, St. George's	55
Lieut. White, Bridgewater	55
Lieut. Holland, Bridgewater	55
S.M. Neal, Bear River	55
Mrs. Douglas, Calais	55
Cader New, Halifax I.	55
C. C. Boone, Halifax II	55
Sergt. Sample, Stellarton	55
Capt. McIvor, North Head	55
Lieut. McIvor, North Head	55
C. C. Godsee, Fredericton	55
Sergt. Heady, Fredericton	55
Sergt. Pelly, Chatham	55
Capt. Darrow, Dartmouth	55
Sergt. Darrow, Dartmouth	55
Script Simpkin, Windsor	55
Capt. Johnson, St. John I.	55
Crossman, Lunenburg	55
Lieut. Murrough, Hillsburg	55
Lieut. Fraser, Hillsboro	55
Capt. Parsons, Amherst	55
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Bru. Jennings, St. George's	55
Capt. Whales, Louisburg	55
Lieut. Gilliland, Amherst	55
Lieut. McDonald, Stanhope	55
Julis Lidstone, Glace Bay	55
Sergt. Reid, St. John I.	55
Mrs. Ann Carter, New Glasgow	55
Bru. Dunn, St. George's	55
Bru. Jennings, St. George's	55
Capt. Whales, Louisburg	55
Lieut. Gilliland, Amherst	



TORONTO

Friday Oct. 31, to  
Wednesday, Nov. 5.

CONGRESS

\* GENERAL \*

# WILLIAM BOOTH

IN COMMAND.

\* Program. \*

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31st, 8 p.m.



## Public Reception

AT THE

### Massey Music Hall.

Between 300 and 400 Staff and Field Officers will be present.

There will be indescribable meetings, and scenes of enthusiasm, zeal, blessing, salvation and consecration, and baptism and the Holy Ghost.

**Special Railway Arrangements**—Single Fare and 15 cents—for the round trip to all persons attending the Congress. Note: Buy a Single Ticket to Toronto, and ask the ticket agent for a Standard Certificate. Present this Certificate at the S. A. Temple, with a payment of 15 cents, which will secure a free return ticket.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 7.30 p.m.

## United Soldiers' Council

at the S. A. Temple.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2nd.

## Grand Day of Salvation

at the Massey Music Hall.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, November 3, 4, 5,  
**FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS' COUNCILS.**

Officers Who Desire Billets should write at once to Brigadier Pickering, S. A. Temple, Toronto. Officers who expect to stay with friends while in Toronto should nevertheless notify the Brigadier of their coming, and the name and address of their Billets.

## Harvest Festival Songs.

Tune.—Bringing in the sheaves.

Sowing in the morning, sowing  
seeds of kindness,  
Sowing in the noontide and the  
drowsy eves;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time  
of reaping.  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in  
the sheaves.

Chorus.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in  
the sheaves,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in  
the sheaves.

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the  
shadow,  
Feeling neither clouds nor winter's  
chilling breeze;  
By-and-by the harvest, and the labor  
ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in  
the sheaves.

Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the  
last time,  
Through the loss sustained our spirit  
often grieves;  
When our weeping's over, He will bid  
us welcome,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in  
the sheaves.

Tune.—Where are the reapers?  
2 Oh, where are the reapers  
that gather in  
The sheaves of good from the  
fields of sin?

With sickles of truth must the work  
be done,  
And no one may rest till the harvest  
home.

Chorus.

Where are the reapers? Oh, who will  
come  
And share in the glory of the harvest  
home?  
Oh, who will help us to garner in  
The sheaves of good from the fields of  
sin?

Go out in the by-ways and search them  
all;  
The wheat may be there though the  
sheaves are tall;  
Then search in the highways, and pass  
none by,  
But gather them all for the home on  
high.

The fields are all ripening, and far  
and wide  
The world is awaiting the harvest  
time;  
But reapers are few, and the work is  
great,  
And much will be lost should the har-  
vest wait.

So come with your sickles, ye sons of  
men,  
And gather together the golden grain;  
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest  
comes,  
Then share in the joy of the harvest  
home.

Tune.—Praise (B.J. 143).

3 Our thankful hearts need joyful  
songs  
To tell Thee how all praise be-  
longs,  
By right, dear Lord, to Thee.  
Thy power has worked to meet our  
wants,  
Thy love has stilleed all complaints,  
Thy goodness, Lord, we see.

The sower's scattered seed has grown;  
But in it all Thy hand is shown—  
It gave the rain and sun,  
And quickened into life the seed;  
The harvest is Thy work indeed,  
And Thine shall be the song.

The reaper's sickle work is found;  
The gathered fruits from tree and ground  
With thankfulness we store,  
Wit truth, O Lord, Thy works declare,  
A Father's love forbids all fear—  
We'll trust and serve Thee more.

Oh, help us at this harvest time  
To test ourselves, by help Divine,  
To see what fruit we bear,  
What promise are we making Thee;  
As ripened souls we wish to be  
When harvest home draws near.

Tune.—Stella (B.J. 25).

To Thee, O Lord of earth and sky,  
With grateful hearts we now draw  
nigh,  
For all the fruits Thy generous soil  
Hath yielded in return for us.

We want henceforth our lives to be  
All fruitful in good work for Thee.

We thank Thee that Thou takest heed  
To all Thy creatures' daily need;  
That over us, on sea or land,  
Hath daily been Thy bounteous hand.  
We want henceforth our lives to be  
Filled up with grateful work for Thee.

While heartfelt thanks to Thee ascend,  
With them new vows for war we  
blend,  
Determined in Thy strength to go  
And live for Thee 'gainst every foe.  
Henceforth each day our lives shall be  
Filled both with work and war for Thee.

Make us more earnest souls to save,  
As hourly we approach the grave;  
So that if, ere this time next year,  
We should before Thy throne appear,  
With joy we may Thy glory see  
Because till death we fought for Thee.

Tune.—Wonderful peace; or  
derful joy (B.J. 220).

By A. A. WHITAKER.

5 The most wonderful story  
ever was told,  
And the story that ever is  
the story of Jesus' most won-  
derful love,

And that wonderful story is the

Chorus.

True, true, yes, it is true,  
That Jesus has suffered for us,  
Gave His life on the cross to release  
you from hell,

Through His death you may now be  
made free.

Or, joy, joy, wonderful joy, etc.

When He saw we were helpless  
sinking in sin,  
And that no one could help or call

us save,  
Then He left His bright home in His  
mansion above,

And His life as a ransom He gave

Thought rejected by those whom He  
came to redeem,

And betrayed by His own close  
friend,

And forsaken by all in the hour  
death,

Yet His love was the same to us,

And He now intercedes with His  
ther in heaven,

And is pleading your cause at His  
throne,

While you are rejecting His mercy and  
love;

Was such wonderful love  
know?

Oh, how sad it will be if your soul  
should be lost,

To reflect, while the ages shall roll,  
And remember the love and the mercy

you spurned,

Chose the world, while you barried  
your soul.